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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Amy Lowell

WE have lost by the death of Miss Amy Lowell not only a poet and critic of astonishing virility, but (when we could least afford it) a great personality.

Miss Lowell belonged to the family of Dr. Johnson. Her personality was never recessive. There are writers, like Shakespeare, or Edward Fitzgerald, or Hermann Melville—to gather together a miscellaneous group—whose rich inner life never seems to have reached full coruscation except in marriage with the written word. If you look for them, seek them not in biographies, but in their works. But sometimes genius is too full-blooded, too immediate to wait upon composition. It pours over urgently into life, which in its vicinity takes on livelier colors and sparkles with electricity like October air. The first run with such literary personalities is sometimes the best. They may make fine prose or great poetry; but nothing quite recaptures the vivid enthusiasm of voice and gesture, the play of a highly charged imagination running free. Dr. Johnson was such a personality, Charles Lamb another, and Miss Lowell belongs in their company. She would have held the Doctor at bay, and Elia would have stammered as he shaped epigrams to toss into the flow of her talk.

This age is too inhibited to breed many like her. We are tender of each other's feelings for fear of violent reactions. We are afraid to air experimental opinions lest they prove unsound. Skeptics and cynics are as common as weeds in a pasture, but they have no convincing scholarship, no confident force, and are more likely to make faces at society than to attack by strong argument. When they take poetry, or anything else, seriously, they will ape the reticences and amenities of mediocrity rather than be caught with an opinion.

There was not an ounce of mediocrity in Amy Lowell. She lived as she saw fit, exercised her privileges with aristocratic disregard, kept her brains sharp as naturally as lesser folk keep their faces clean, and was always willing to spend her whole self on what was for her the whole business of living—creation, criticism, controversy. Her Keats is a magnificent outpouring of unmeasured effort. It is diffuse, and that is its fault, but not because of lapses into dullness. Into every aspect, even the most trivial, she charged with head high and eyes sparkling, never sparing either herself or her documents. Her chapters are sometimes overloaded, but always alive, and often triumphant.

It was Miss Lowell who gave morale to the renaissance of American poetry in the early nineteen hundreds. She injected vigor and excitement, and made its creed of fresh imagery and new rhythms seem important, as indeed it was. Critics differ as to the future of her own poetry. All agree that it is original and stimulating; all agree that its intellectual edge is keen, its emotions vivid, and, where the mind is involved, passionate. But pressed further, their opinions blur and break into confusion. There have been a score of essays on Amy Lowell's verse, and not one definitive.

So it is with all great literary personalities of the immediate sort. Their voice and manner are so dominant as one reads that the poetry becomes too personal for definition. It may be overestimated easily; it may be underestimated almost as easily, because the ringing voice of the controversialist sounds too idiosyncratic for permanence. The readers of Amy Lowell have read her poetry with their critical senses aroused, aware that they were in the presence of a dominating mind which they must either yield to, or resist. Now that she can talk to us no longer, we shall perhaps read her better, seeking for the poet, rather than the critic and the friend.

But if her power over verse had been, like Dr. Johnson's, ordinary instead of extraordinary, Miss Lowell would still have been a luminous figure in this age. Her personality was in itself a magnum opus, and her brilliant instigations, which never deserved so gross a term as influence, have awakened the intellectual being of others as skillful as she, though never so magnificently human. She was not only poetical, but the cause of poetry in others. She, as well as her poetry, will take a place in American literature, and that is a tribute few can expect.

The Feathery Phoenix

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE feathery Phoenix rising from
Ancestral flame would dare to come
Athwart the rising orb of day
With shining wings spread either way.

Singing against that lovely fire
His funeral song of old desire,
He rushes on a blazing tomb
Prophetic of ecstatic doom.

And on his wild eyes falls that meat
Of which he is the Paraclete,
And memory assuages fear
As he soars perilously near.

A thousand deaths cry in his tongue
Whose wings from flame are broadly flung,
And in his heaving breast he hears
The genesis of unborn years.

He mounts couragéous to vaunt
The terror of his dearest want,
And stares into the sun to see
His burning bath of mystery.

This Week

"This Mad Ideal." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"The Black Soul." Reviewed by *Padraic Colum.*

"Table-Talk of G. B. S." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

"California Vignettes." By *Christine Turner Curtis.*

Next Week, or Later

Thomas Hardy. By *William Lyon Phelps.*

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Woodrow Wilson, Teacher

By ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

WHAT was Woodrow Wilson's contribution to American college education? His papers and addresses, dating from 1877, when he was a sophomore at Princeton, to 1913, when he became President of the United States, which have been recently published by Harper and Brothers, reveal in him two dominating interests. He wanted to understand and so to share in the leadership of a democracy. He wanted also to prepare young people for the same understanding and leadership. As to the relative strength of these two emotions, the papers are, I think, fairly clear. Only a few weeks before his death I had the privilege of talking with him about plans for educational work. At that time he said to me, in words that were soon to take on a quality of pathos in spite of their gallant courage, "You know I have still a great deal to do in this business of our international obligations; but when I have finished that I am going back into education." The balance of interest in that statement is, I think, the balance disclosed by these papers. He had the teaching impulse and the teaching power. But primarily he was a leader in social and political action. The zest for teaching and study was directed by the zest for leading. Running through all his studies of administration there was a grim and passionate determination to get administration improved, to make government serve the public welfare. Woodrow Wilson was a great teacher because there was something that he wanted done, that he wanted to do.

It was chiefly from this practical enthusiasm that Mr. Wilson's general contribution to college work in America came. "Princeton for the Nation's Service" was the war cry of his Inaugural Address. And it was clear at once that he was a man in a hurry. It was a time when college studies seemed to be losing their connection with working values. Into this situation he brought the demand that studies be made vital. Both by preaching and by practice he gave to the college a sense of responsibility, of the urgency of its issues,, the importance of its success or failure.

His favorite and most significant statement of his own program for the college was that he planned to make it a community and to do so on the basis of its only fundamental interest—the intellectual. He found the college falling into separate parts. He found the parts dominated by social interests quite foreign to the intellectual. He was determined that the college should be again one institution and that it should be an institution of learning. The specific lines along which he sought to achieve this unity had to do (1) with the course of study, (2) with the methods of teaching, and (3) with the social organization of the college, with especial reference to its arrangements for residence. It is interesting to see how different in quality and in success were his dealings with these different phases of his general endeavor.

As to the course of study, Mr. Wilson was facing the confusion which followed the breaking down of the old curriculum. Required studies were giving way to elections; freedom of choice was taking the place of prescription. In the midst of this process

PUBLIC PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON; COLLEGE AND STATE (1875-1913). Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two Volumes. 1925. $7.

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he stood as a stalwart champion of general training. He was troubled to see that elective studies, when they were genuine, constantly tended to become professional or vocational. As against this, he demanded that professional study be preceded by and founded on liberal study; he declared that the liberal college must forever be the heart of the university; he argued that all students in a liberal college should take those essential studies which fill and enrich men's lives. The college, he was fond of saying, deals not with the fortunes but with the spirits of men. At the basis of all its work he found an ideal, a compelling moral purpose.

Mr. Wilson's proposals with respect to teaching methods and residence arrangements came from a common observation and a common motive. He often said that he found the American undergraduate a schoolboy; he was determined that he should be, and should be treated like, a man. What he meant was that the life of the undergraduate had broken in two. On the one hand, the studies were mere tasks, imposed by a faculty. On the other hand was the life of real interest, the activities in which men were trying to succeed, in terms of which they found their social groupings, in which also they aspired to relations with the graduates and with what seemed to them the spirit of the institution. It was Mr. Wilson's purpose to break down that dualism. He wanted to centre college life about the studies. He wanted to bring the faculty into living contact with their students. And by implication he wanted to destroy or transform a certain type of connection between undergraduates and graduates. He wanted, as he said, to subordinate the side-shows to the main circus.

As a corrective teaching method, Mr. Wilson secured the adoption, with some modification, of the English tutorial scheme of instruction. Students and teachers were to be brought into contact and intimate conference concerning the studies. The undergraduate was to be made to feel that he must take the initiative in his own work. He was also to discover that he could talk with his teacher as a fellow-student working in the same field and in the same spirit. True education, Mr. Wilson said, is by contagion. His plan was that the faculty should, by personal contact, set the students on fire with intellectual enthusiasm.

The proposal with respect to residence arrangements was a further development of the same motive. In a very real sense Mr. Wilson wanted to take the undergraduates from the graduates and to affiliate them with the faculty. He found the interests of the college determined largely by the "clubs." In these clubs the social lines of undergraduate life were chiefly drawn; in them the sentimental connections with the graduates were established and strengthened. Mr. Wilson's plan was that the undergraduates should live in relatively small residence groups, that members of the faculty should be friendly and accepted dwellers in these groups, and that the clubs should be abandoned or should be transformed into the moulds of the new arrangement. The social life of the university was to be formed and shaped by the interests of the teachers. Mr. Wilson did not oppose the "activities." He did, however, wish them to be the activities of students.

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As one surveys these proposals and achievements of Mr. Wilson, two contributions to the college stand out as of very great importance. His preaching of the gospel of an intellectual community devoted to the public welfare was sorely needed and it was magnificently done. He was a great preacher.

And secondly, the establishing of the tutorial plan of teaching marks a turning-point in college instruction in America. He put his finger upon the greatest weakness in our teaching method, that of the failure to develop intellectual initiative, and he pointed the way along which with pitiful slowness we are seeking the remedy.

If one asks as to the limitations of Mr. Wilson's contribution it is to be remembered that he was President of Princeton only eight years. Apparently also he met with opposition all along the way he went. But on the other hand frankness compels the admission of limitation in his own point of view. After all, he was an administrator and a student of administration. In a very unusual degree he was of a non-philosophic type. This quality, or lack of it, appears at two points. First, in his advocacy of "general training," of the necessity of studying those fundamental things which nourish the spirit, one finds a peculiar lack of certainty of touch. His lists of "essentials" are apparently arbitrary and variable. His mind did not reflect upon the work of knowledge as a whole, did not contribute to the discovery of that unity on which he felt that the organization of the course of study must depend. He was not a student of the theory of the curriculum. And again, it must be noted that the tutorial plan of instruction was not substituted for the older plan of teaching. It was simply added to it, superimposed upon it. There was here no drastic policy of removing causes of trouble.

It is interesting and very significant to find so startling a contrast between Mr. Wilson's dealing with study and teaching and his dealing with the clubs. In the latter field he did not propose addition of the new to the old. He demanded that the old give way before the new; he insisted on the transformation of the residence arrangements to the very bottom. Why was he so radical in the field of social organization and so lacking in radicalism in the field of educational theory and practice? Was it because he was so much more at home in one field than in the other? Was it because of the knowledge that however dangerous the graduates may be, the teachers are still more deadly when jolted from their ruts? The field of speculation is a fascinating one and a proper understanding of it would throw much needed light, not only upon Mr. Wilson, but also upon the residence situation within which he worked. But whatever the explanation, two things may be said as to Mr. Wilson's dealing with college teaching. First, he led all American colleges by his introduction of the tutorial plan. But second, that plan was not radically established; it was not considered in relation to other teaching methods and to the course of study. And this is what the American college imperatively needs. We must have radical reconsideration of what we should teach and how we should teach it. If we can teach properly, clubs and other such things will take care of themselves.

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One cannot read these papers without feeling the charm and mastery of the man who wrote them. He had a gay wit that startles and fascinates. He dealt with hearer and reader in words of challenge and defiance, and yet with graciousness and courtesy. He speaks to bankers and tells them what bankers might do and do not do. He has the same message for the lawyers, for the teachers, for the ministers. And when he speaks to the descendants of New England he gaily explains the virtues which New England did not possess. All in all, whether or not one agree with him, one must admire and thrill at the gallantry of his spirit.

It is interesting to see how dominating was a single motive, a single idea, in all his writing and thinking, even from the earliest days. From the beginning he was thinking and writing about great public leaders. He dreamed of the power of a man's mind and speech to guide his fellows into proper action. And always over against such high and open leading by individuals there was for him the manipulation of men and affairs by groups of men who plan in secret. This was the principle of the amazing paper on Cabinet Government in the United States, written while he was still a graduate student. It was the basis of his attack upon the Trusts when he was running for the Presidency. He said that when men rule by committees and boards it is the small, shrewd man, the manipulator, who controls and who does so in terms of self-interest which cannot bear the light of public debate. But Mr. Wilson believed in leadership by individual men, who must perforce command the confidence of their fellows by open avowal and advocacy of their motives and beliefs. His hostility to "Secret Diplomacy" was not a late development. It was the permanent motive of his thought and action.

Growing out of the attitude just described was one of Mr. Wilson's virtues which has been made to serve as a bitter reproach against him. He was more devoted, we are told, to his own ideas than to his friends. In a time and country in which "party" is made more and more to mean a group of men bound together by common interest, seeking to find or devise some idea or shibboleth by means of which they may secure for themselves victory over other like groups, such disloyalty to one's friends is unforgivable. That he met this reproach seems to me to show how high Mr. Wilson rose above the partisans around him. For him a party was a group of men joined in support of a common idea or common ideal. If men were not, or if they ceased to be, so joined, then, as mere matter of course, they separated and went their honest ways. He was essentially in public life a man of principle, willing to take whatever private consequences the following of principle might involve. I doubt if any lesson which he taught was more sadly needed than is this lesson for which he has been so bitterly condemned.

One other point should perhaps be noted. In all these papers one gets no impression of an interest in general popular education. Rather casually Mr. Wilson speaks of those who do not go to college as doing mechanical tasks, as needing to be led by men of ideas. But his mind dwells upon the leading and upon those who do it well or ill. Always he hates dishonest, self-interested, cunning leadership. Always he has the passion for directing well the affairs of his fellows, for doing it openly, honestly, and with intelligence.

It is, I think, quite evident that Mr. Wilson was the sort of man who sooner or later fails in what he undertakes. But that means that he was of the resolute, fierce-fighting type that takes desperate chances and is not dismayed by fear of personal failure. More fundamentally, I think, it means that he was one of the men who set their hearts on the greatest causes which cannot be achieved by one man or by one endeavor rather than on the little tasks which even little men can do and finish. It means also that he was on the list of those among whom the world seeks for and finds its greatest heroes.

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If any one reads what I have here said I hope he will remember that these impressions are based upon papers written before the greater period of Mr. Wilson's life. I should like also to express thanks to the editors of the books for making these papers available in such usable form for general reading. We shall look eagerly for the like publication of the writings and sayings of Mr. Wilson during and after his Presidency of the United States. He is a man whom Americans need to know.

Paving the Way

THIS MAD IDEAL. By FLOYD DELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

FAR from carrying Floyd Dell beyond his achievement in "Moon-Calf," the latest of his novels is only a reworking of the old material, less effective and less convincing because it rather seems written from a formula. "This Mad Ideal" is the story of a girl, "Moon-Calf" of a boy, but however different their outward lives, they are roughly actuated by the same philosophy and ideals. Yet Felix Fay, I think, comes far more vividly to life than Judith Valentine; his growth is more natural and personalized, his childhood and adolescence are penetrated with an admirable insight, his ideals have maturation. Judith seems to move toward a predestined point.

Judith was the daughter of parents who separated because they felt that marriage was hampering their freedom and ideals. After the death of her mother, she lived in a New England town with her uncle and aunt. Later she fell in love with Roy Sopwith, the son of a narrow-minded principal, and the two conspired to be free of their surroundings. Inheriting the belief that marriage would injure their developments, Judith refused to marry Roy, and he went to study art in Boston. She met a second man who wanted her to be his wife, but a second time she refused, and went to see Roy, whose progress in Boston is not recorded. She found it necessary to marry him or break off; and still faithful to her "mad ideal," she refused again, and went to New York to begin a new life.

One of two things, or both of them, prevent

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"This Mad Ideal" from achieving force and conviction. Perhaps it fails because it presents an unsound and inoperable philosophy which negatives the Judith who adheres to it. Or perhaps Judith never comes to life. I am inclined to think it a combination of the two; for in the last analysis a living and breathing girl could sustain a doubtful idealism. For literary purposes, it does not matter whether or not marriage leads to conventional existence and a destruction of self-development. I do not believe it must; but even if I arbitrarily dismissed Judith's belief as unsound, on that ground the book need not for an instant fail. Wrong-headedness could not keep Judith from being real; wrong-headedness is, if anything, a humanizing characteristic. She fails to come off for more fundamental reasons than her ideals. To a certain depth Mr. Dell can see into her and adjust the lens to our eyes. This depth is primarily mental, where Mr. Dell has always been sure of himself and convincing to others. But in her personality Judith is inadequate, and in her emotions—for she has them in spite of her dominating idealism—thin.

Floyd Dell's studies of young people are always, and quite legitimately, honest and sincere. He does not treat their problems with irony, or infer that they are trivial. For this reason the immature mind of Judith Valentine follows an ideal with which Mr. Dell, however objectively he may be writing, does not seem at variance. Perhaps he does not feel that young people take themselves too seriously. Perhaps be believes that the battles they fight and the ideals they follow are not less important than the sterner battles before them and the shattered ideals it is likely they will survey. But he does rather go out of his way to complicate their battles. In "This Mad Ideal" Judith sacrifices to her belief not only the logical road to happiness, but, in the literary sense, a great deal more. She is denied a full-blooded personality, and the book is denied perspective.

Thus "This Mad Ideal" stands very like its predecessors, moderate of stature, beside them. It is again a study of preliminary experiences and first contacts. These, after all, only pave the way, Now that Mr. Dell has numbered a man's years, he should give us a book concerned with a man's major conflicts and mature encounters. Until then, no matter how good in his field, he must remain a minor novelist.

Men in Murk

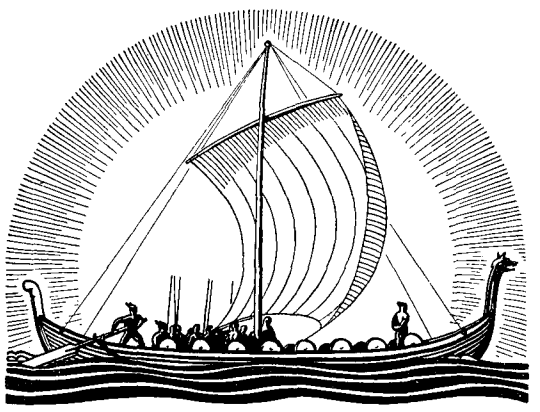
THE BLACK SOUL. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. New York. Boni & Liveright. 1925.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

LIAM O'FLAHERTY is one of the very few Irish writers of today who are able to write in Irish as well as in English. He has published nothing of any length in Irish, only a few short sketches and poems and these only in the pages of an Irish magazine. It is a significant comment upon the Gaelic revival that a young writer born and reared in Synge's Arran Islands should write his important work such as "His Neighbor's Wife" and "The Black Soul" in English; it is also significant that in this last book of his he should give such an unlovely picture of Gaelic life.

Through race and through language Liam O'Flaherty belongs to Irish-Ireland. And yet this novel of his has less Irish atmosphere than any of the outstanding Anglo-Irish novels: It might be about Lithuania, or Iceland, or Transylvania. The lack of atmosphere is partly due to the writing in the book—there is hardly an Irish locution in it; there is no Irish rhythm, no cadence of Irish speech. We have the paradox then of a man who is by race and tradition most native writing in a way that is the least racy. The paradox is understandable, however, by those who are familiar with the folk-tales in English from the West and North West of the country and the folk-tales in English from the Midlands and the East. The Midland and Eastern stories were gradually transferred; they were turned into an English that was tending to become old-fashioned and flavorous; and the language that they were retold in was influenced by Irish grammar and Irish turns of speech. But the stories belonging to the parts of the country that were Irish-speaking in our day were changed into English abruptly and without any intervening medium. And the language they were changed into was not the English of the eighteenth century but the English of the century of newspapers and schoolbooks. For an Irishman to write English that has something natively Irish about it he must belong, not to the parts of the country that are Irish in speech now, but to those parts that were Irish in speech three or four generations ago.

In the writing of "The Black Soul" there is nothing particularly distinctive; the men and women who figure in it are not individualized, and they might belong to any storm-beset Northern land. The story is powerful, but there is also something quite naïve in its conception. That a young man who has raked it a bit and who has lost his faith in Catholicism and who has a dislike of priests should be given the outline of a Manfred—that is naïve. All through the story this young man is referred to as "The Stranger" as if some sin or crime had put him beyond all human relationships. It turns out that he is the son of an Irish country schoolmaster; he is, for all his revolt and anarchical speculation unsophisticated enough to think of the people of the Western Island as "peasants" and "uneducated." He comes to one of the Western Islands to try to recover from shell-shock and some other nervous strain. In the cabin in which he lodges there is a wild and beautiful woman, Little Mary, who is married to a half-crazy fellow, Red John. The passion of The Stranger and Little Mary for each other, their hatred of Red John, and Red John's growing madness is the theme of the story. And



Trade mark designed by Rockwell Kent for the Viking Press, Inc., the new publishing house.

for all his simplicity in his statement for the sceptical and anarchist type of mind Liam O'Flaherty has made his story a powerful one.

It is really a sort of myth—the dramatization of the forces that play upon that island out in the Atlantic—tempests of rain, a hurtling sea, Spring and Summer with their restorations of life and hope, and then the Winter again. It is the writer's sympathy with these elemental forces that gives power and interest to "The Black Soul"; the tides actually break upon Inverara; the cormorants fly through the thickening air; the cliffs beetle up around the island. The people in the book have no psychic history; like people in a wrecking sea they are only aware of the din and the threat and the stroke of the elements. All this gives power to the story. Liam O'Flaherty is at his best, I think, in the scene upon the cliffs where the stranger attempts to rescue Red John who, now gone crazy, attempts to throw himself down to death. The Stranger feels that in rescuing Little Mary's husband he will make himself clean and strong again.

> Every muscle was uttering an inarticulate whine of terror. His limbs, although thrust forward by his will, moved with the ponderous slowness of an immense engine making its first hesitating revolution. . . . The fear of death grew greater. He doubted the reality of his environment. He thought that Red John and the peasants on the cliff-top were a delusion and that he himself was going to commit suicide, impelled by the consciousness of a monstrous crime. He had a fleeting vision of things like a cliff pressing into his forehead so close to his eyes that the atoms in its face appeared as big as universes. But while his mind conjured with these delusions his body, his desire to live, were grappling with realities. He had dropped on his belly and was crawling sideways up to the mouth of the cavern between the boulders in order to see inside it without being seen. And when his right shoulder brushed against the slimy black boulder and he saw the dim interior of the cavern through a corner of his left eye his sense became so acute that his trembling fear left him. . . . Then he heard something move with the sound that a duck makes walking on slippery wet flags. Then there came a sound of teeth chattering violently, and the kind of horrid mumbling a dumb man makes when in a rage. These sounds irritated without terrifying him and he struggled to a kneeling position and drew himself up at the entrance of the cavern. He stared in. His face was within three inches of Red John's.

"The Black Soul" is Liam O'Flaherty's second novel, and it is a remarkable piece of work indeed. But the writer of it has much to learn. For one thing, he has to learn to be humane. To paint as certain writers have done, the Gaelic peasantry and fisherfolk as people in an idyll with the light of Tir-nan-og ever upon them, is to make them unreal, of course. To write about them as having no spiritual history, and as of being what the elements and their own appetites make them is to be just as unreal. When Liam O'Flaherty makes himself equal to the task of giving his people a manifold existence, and with affections as well as passions, he will be able to write a fine Irish novel.

The Dirge of Progress

SEGELFOSS TOWN. Translated from the Norwegian of KNUT HAMSUN by J. S. SCOTT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

ONE of the characters of this novel, which may be described as the epic dirge of standardized progress, is Lars Manuelsen, an old scout who is down at the heel without exactly being on his uppers because his friends are willing to lend him an extra vest when the blasts grow chilly. But there is one achievement to which Lars can always point with pride: he is the father of Pastor L. Lassen, Ph. D. And that is the way Lars is referred to. Cases of this kind are common. The Vice President of the United States is known for his underslung pipe and his overhung "plan," yet these are but two of his accomplishments. Fouqué wrote one hundred and eleven volumes of German fiction but we know him solely as the author of "Undine." And the publisher of the novel before us is vigorously engaged in notifying his clientele that it was written by the author of "The Growth of the Soil."

For sales purposes this is very wise; for this is not a second "Growth." Quite the contrary, Hamsun wrote in truth "Segelfoss Town" and its predecessor, "Children of the Age," merely in order to work himself into the right frame of mind for his best novel. In "Children" and "Segelfoss" he deplores as only an irate Norseman may the age of canned goods. In "Growth" he pictures the heights to which human heroism may rise when a man makes up his mind to turn his back on all civilized decadences and go out in the woods, taking a woman along with him, and live a real life nibbling at the acorns with sassafras for dessert until the first crop is safe in the lean-to.

In "Children of the Age" we were introduced to the Holmsens, three generations of them, and truth to tell, the old Lieutenant Willatz Holmsen was quite a man even when we saw that he was being gradually undermined by that devotee of industrial exploitation, Tobias Holmengraa, who sailed into Segelfoss one day from South America, took the sleepy place by the nape of the neck and woke it up. In "Segelfoss Town" we see "King" Holmengraa run his course; his great flour mill is being worked at a loss until, one fine day, he boards a ship of unknown destination and sails out of the harbor while his half-Mexican daughter, Mariane, marries Theodore, the "Woolworth" of the town, a town that now has a "Little Theatre" but no art; a telegraph office but an excess of slander; new-fangled tombstones but an immense amount of æsthetic impiety and social hokum. It has too a newspaper with a Socialist editor, a gigantic amount of labor trouble, and more spitting than has come to the surface in the case of any other fictionist since the days of the Johnstown flood.

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Mr. Hamsun told the present writer once that he confined his reading to the newspapers, lyric poetry, and foreign literatures. This is all very well so far as it goes; but Knut Hamsun would do well to balance his reading ration by taking up some solid essay, written by a Classicist, on the virtue of form and the vice of formlessness. Then he should read, ponder and inwardly digest that part of the Bible which attacks "vain repetitions." Then he should cap his course by looking over Goethe, who gave the world 143 volumes without once treating the same theme twice.

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Banked Fires

SPRING THUNDER AND OTHER POEMS. By MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THERE are certain passionate natures which fear expansion. The events of every day move them to their depths and they are never tempted to seek what are called the great adventures because they are so keenly alive that the little ones furnish experiences as intense as the mind can manage. If they happen, like Thoreau and Gilbert White, to be naturalists, they never leave home because the world of their parish includes more than they can ever understand; and if they happen to be poets they are, like Wordsworth and Emily Dickinson, never tempted to describe the more violent aspects of nature, human or otherwise. To the Byrons, who cannot be moved save by the most grandiose convulsions, they leave the treatment of storms and battles while they, contemplating the meanest flower that blows, are filled with thoughts too deep for tears. Sluggish minds, not to be moved by anything less than an earthquake, find them dull but those who know that the measure of poetry is the nature of the emotions which it arouses rather than the subjects which call them forth will realize that they are the true poets. They alone can do what the rhetorician cannot—reveal the passionate texture of all life.

Mr. Mark Van Doren, whose poems are the subject of the present review, belongs to this group of those who choose to deal with things seemingly calm, not because they fly from passion, but because by discovering it in unsuspected places they reveal the boundless excitement which all living affords those who are capable of appreciating it. Outwardly the events with which he deals are the most ordinary occurrences of country life—the felling of a barn, the mowing of a field of wheat, or the distant crack of the first thunder of Spring—but the effect which he produces is the very reverse of that rural calm which these subjects would suggest, for the mood is passionate, mystical, and not seldom horror-stricken, suggesting now the irresistible optimistic surge of nature, and now the nameless terror which her darker secrets awake in the mind which guesses but cannot understand them. Nothing is described for its own sake and neither is anything allegorized, but each minor event, like a grain of dust in a moisture-charged atmosphere, forms the center about which some emotion, long nebulous, gathers and precipitates itself. In every case the association is a purely personal one—no one could have guessed beforehand what particular series of emotional experiences would be suddenly crystalized by this particular event—and yet within a usually very brief space we get both the picture and the poet's emotional connotations in one flashingly brief experience. Take for example

IMMORTAL

The last thin acre of stalks that stood
Was never the end of the wheat.
Always something fled to the wood,
As if the field had feet.

In front of the sickle something rose—
Mouse, or weasel, or hare;
We struck and struck, but our worst blows
Dangled in the air.

Nothing could touch the little soul
Of the grain. It ran to cover,
And nobody knows in what warm hole
It slept till the winter was over,

And early seeds lay cold in the ground.
Then—but nobody saw—
It burrowed back with never a sound,
And awoke the thaw.

Such brief experience is the beginning of a sort of vision which never detaches itself from the concrete event which called it forth, but enriches it with powerful emotional connotations. In the scurrying mice escaping from the mown field to hide, no one knows where in the cold earth, they seem and, in fact, *are*, a part of the strange beneficent persistence of nature which will not allow herself to be destroyed. And, in another poem, the naked feet of the rats call upon themselves the shuddering hatred which is aroused by the perception of something which seems essentially evil. What the white whale gradually became for Melville, these rats suddenly are in the mind of the poet.

I speak of these two poems, not because they are the best, but because they present moods which, however elusive, are finally tangible. A dozen others employ the same technique to effect the same revelation of an emotional fact, but in many cases the accord between outward event and inward mood is too subtle for prose to analyze. In "Water Wheel to Mend" or "Possession" we are again brought suddenly in tune with a poet's mind but we find no image to suggest his feeling save the one which he has given. He has described an experience awaking an emotion which we recognize as common to every sensitive mind, but we cannot translate it into other terms. One other citation may, however, be given. The lines describe the destruction of a farm-yard shed, but their subject is something more important: whoever has experienced that terror which the idea of finality sometimes inspires, even when associated with an apparently trivial event, will recognize what it is. Incidentally it may be remarked that here as elsewhere the passion of love, never directly treated in the volume, is vividly implied by the presence of the unnamed person with whom the experience is shared. Nearly every poem is a love poem because it would be obviously impossible were it not addressed to the unknown companion standing at the poet's side.

ALTERATION

I did not ask to have the shed
Pulled down, although it leaned so sickly.
But now the proper word is said,
Let it come quickly.

Bring rope and pulley, axe and bar,
And while you hammer I will pry.
Shingles can be sent as far
As feathers fly.

Naked beams can tumble faster
Than cobwebs in a sudden gust;
Floors can stand on end; and plaster
Soon is dust.

I did not think this valley-view
Deserved that any roof should fall.
But, now the word is said by you,
I want it all.

Those who are accustomed to recognize fire chiefly by the smoke it sometimes produces will be forever incapable of perceiving the glowing passion of Mr. Van Doren's banked fires and they will call his poetry cold; but it is cold only if Thoreau and Wordsworth are cold. His is one of those natures which recognizes in the microcosm all that the microcosm can hold, and it is his peculiar distinction to have written major poetry upon what seems to be minor themes. Like Thoreau he finds no cause to go, physically or spiritually, far from home, and the best motto for his book would be the famous saying of the great New England naturalist, "I have travelled extensively—in Concord."

A Little Too Smart

SUPERS AND SUPERMEN. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924. $2.50.

A GALLERY. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. The same.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER.

BY writing that excellent study of Napoleon III, "The Second Empire," Mr. Philip Guedalla made two reputations for himself; one reputation as a brilliant historian, and the other as a wit. Since the publication of "The Second Empire," Mr. Guedalla has been exploiting the second reputation for all it was worth to newspapers and magazines. These two books are collections of Mr. Guedalla's efforts to be smart on a variety of subjects.

"Supers and Supermen" is a very bad book. It seems that his reputation gave Mr. Guedalla the unfortunate privilege of writing whatever he pleased every week. He carried out the task with facility, but why he ever considered it important to make a book of his journalism it is difficult to discover, unless one adopts the premise that he wanted some money. What Mr. Guedalla has to say in "Supers and Supermen" about the collection in book form of the political journalism of Disraeli applies aptly to his own journalism: "Journalism is of its essence ephemeral. But so are snuff-boxes; and at a time when men accumulate pistols that have lost their locks and clocks that have lost their works, it is hardly surprising if some bolder spirit collects jokes that have lost their points." It is futile enough to collect anyone's bad jokes, but it is the height of vanity to collect one's own. Many of the essays in "Supers and Supermen" are dull, and a few of them are silly; occasionally, as in the essays on Gambetta and General Walker, one is interested. Mr. Guedalla is so busy cracking jokes at the expense of his subjects that he rarely has time to tell us anything about them. The essays, which range in subject matter from military strategy to Zionism and from Rich Men to Literary Men, are written in the cheapest form of modern smartness. They are interlarded with childish puns, such as the remark about the uniformity of French historical writing, that "it is one long Taine that has no turning." Mr. Guedalla has read so much, and he uses his knowledge so deftly, that the reader is inclined to believe that even the more inane of his essays mean something; but a more careful examination invariably reveals that this first impression was wrong.

In the last part of "Supers and Supermen" Mr. Guedalla deals with the war in the different aspects presented by the various books he happens to be reviewing. Until this part of the book he has always referred to the war with the cynical contempt which it deserves, but under the heading of "In Memoriam," Mr. Guedalla becomes unreasonably emotional and solemnly sentimental. His attitude of unthinking reverence is defined in the first sentence of his review of Mr. Kipling's book on the Irish Guards: "No one except the village cad criticizes the village War Memorial." Perhaps the only way in which future generations can be saved from the necessity for war memorials as well as from the repetition of the atrociously bad art which is beginning to disfigure English and French villages is by the rapid development of nations of village cads.

"A Gallery" is a much better book than "Supers and Supermen." In his essays on seven of the most important writers of our time, Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy, Mr. Guedalla presents an interesting point of view on each of these writers. He has forgotten for the moment that he is a wit, and the result is that he succeeds in becoming both entertaining and significant. The essays on England's leading statesmen are both informative and entertaining. But towards the end of the book Mr. Guedalla relapses into the manner of "Supers and Supermen." The short essay on Marcel Proust is in Mr. Guedalla's worst manner. It spends most of its space deriding what appears to Mr. Guedalla the exaggerated praise of Proust by Englishmen, and Mr. Guedalla's own opinion of Proust's work only emerges in the course of several stupidly smart sayings.

The English critic who is quoted on the jacket of one of Mr. Guedalla's books with the statement, "Mr. Lytton Strachey must look to his fading laurels, for here is a torch that makes his talent look like a farthing dip," must have been John Bull.

It is interesting to note that a novel published years ago in the United States is now having a new, and considerable, lease of life in England. Jarrolds, the London publishers, announce that the first large edition of Susan Glaspell's "Glory of the Conquered" is now exhausted and that the principal librarian of probably the largest lending library in the world prophesies that it is likely to be one of the greatest successes of recent years.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*

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Arctic Vicissitudes

THE ADVENTURE OF WRANGEL ISLAND. By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, with the Collaboration of JOHN IRVINE KNIGHT, upon the Diary of Whose Son, ERROL LORNE KNIGHT, the Narrative is Mainly Based. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

A BOOK about an exploit in colonization north of the Arctic Circle by the most brilliant living explorer, who is also a writer of distinguished force, advertises itself immediately as being important and interesting reading. Yet Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson's story of Wrangel Island's recent history will be a mystery to many who are not familiar with the developments of the last fifteen years in the field study as well as the theory of Polar geography.

Since the late Admiral Peary trod the ice of 90° North Latitude in April 1909, an event which everyone but the geographer seems to have assumed must put an end to Arctic exploration, there has been a complete revaluation of human ideas about the North Polar regions. The will-o'-the-wisp vision of an Arctic continent, toyed with for a century and a half and kept alive by Peary, has troubled the minds of many, it is true. Even more than hope of new land, however, a desire for scientific information has been the important factor in keeping the "frozen north" besieged. It has become clear, for instance, that a greater knowledge of the unknown top of the world might very well provide a key to the agricultural prosperity of both the United States and Canada by providing a key to the prediction of North American weather. It has also become clear that if there is anything in the business of aërial transportation between the continents, the Arctic, which lies midway between the continents, is going to be subject, one of these days, to a considerable advance in real estate values. For Arctic lands are, with the exception of Greenland and a part of one of the large islands to the west of it, entirely devoid of glaciers, are subject to very light snowfall, are warm and equable in Summer, and offer large expanses of plain suitable for landing fields. In addition to this fact, it is evident that food supply is going to be more and more an important consideration in the future of the human race. What more logical then, than that the Arctic, which provides possible open grazing land for millions of reindeer, should offer the solution of at least a part of the problem of human sustenance.

The development of these ideas, which to many in this civilized realm of ours, in which the daily distress of subway and street is a greater hardship than most explorers worthy of the name have ever had to face, is due in very large measure to the activity and shrewdness of Mr. Stefansson. By the use of methods which to him seemed from the first perfectly logical, but which seemed radical to many even among those with considerable knowledge of the Arctic, he brought about a revolution in human behavior in the far north which was quite as definite as the revolution in ideas. It is not strange, then, that the first plan for actual colonization of the so-called uninhabitable lands north of the continents, should have originated with Mr. Stefansson, a Canadian by birth, who believed that the British Empire as a whole and Canada in particular, had the most valid claim to the possession of Wrangel Island. This piece of land, containing about twenty-five hundred square miles, was first sighted by a British officer in 1849, but first trod upon and explored by an American. It was first actually inhabited by Canadians, however, a party from Mr. Stefansson's unlucky Karluk having spent six months upon it in 1914.

In 1923 news was given to the world that a relief ship sent to support a colony established by Mr. Stefansson on Wrangel Island, eighty-five miles north of Siberia, had found four out of five members of the party dead, only the Eskimo woman who served as a seamstress having survived. Public interest in the Arctic is something like the public's interest in the bull at a bullfight. It likes to see the human attack worsted. It is true that Stefansson's expedition had come to grief, just as the battle of Bull Run was a disaster for the army which eventually won the American Civil War. It is true that Lorne Knight, Allan Crawford, Fred Maurer and Milton Galle, all experienced men, had not survived their attempt to live for two years upon what Wrangel Island had to offer the human stomach. But unfortunately the leader of the relief party of 1923, in an article which he published, conveyed the impression that Knight had died of starvation, and that the other three men who were never found had also slowly frozen to death as a result of starvation. In short he gave the impression that instead of heroism and patience in the face of public neglect there was mutiny and mismanagement, and that the death of the four colonists had been inevitable from the start. Fortunately Mr. Stefansson in "The Adventure of Wrangel Island" is able to adduce not only contrary evidence but even a signed retraction from his critic which is conclusive as to facts.

There is, however, no retraction nor contradiction of the fatal neglect and indifference of both the British and Canadian governments, which Mr. Stefansson spent two years trying vainly to convince of the value of his island and the validity of the claim to its title which he was supporting. The colonizing expedition was financed at Mr. Stefansson's own expense and its support, when his private resources were exhausted, became precarious. By private subscription enough money was raised to send the relief ship of 1923, but the two governments concerned spent all their time talking and did nothing.

This book, while it is written with more care to preserve the facts as they are known than to present them with literary grace, and while it thus loses some of the touch of personal vividness which it would have had had it been a narrative of Mr. Stefansson's own experience, is none the less one of the most interesting and tragic documents in Arctic history. It will be remembered when the Arctic has become our friend instead of the enemy it is commonly supposed to be, and the men who played their parts in it will be honored for their courage and their faith.

The Great Desert

THE EDGE OF THE DESERT. By IANTHE DUNBAR. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1924 $4.50.

ACROSS THE SAHARA BY MOTOR CAR FROM TOUGGOURT TO TIMBUCTOO. By GEORGES MARIE HAARDT and LOUIS AUDUIN-DUBRIEL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS.

THERE have been many books about northern Africa in the last few years by artists, impressionists, and mere casual travellers, for it is the easiest and most comfortable place in the world to visit now. Miss Dunbar's book is another of these casual impressions, very charming and very readable and most attractive in form. She is an open-eyed observer with a feeling for significant detail. She gives us the color and movement of Tunisian life as a painter on a vacation would see it. The dozen or so crayon sketches show the same point of view as the text, the charm of an oriental crowd, the grace of flowing garments and the poise of attitudes, and the romance of strange street corners and market places.

This is a pleasant book for one who loves palms and minarets and marabout shrines, the glints of a coppersmith's shop and the flash of a spahi's cloak in the sun. But this is not the book for one looking for a new impression of Arab life, an original point of view, or even unusual phases of the world that every tourist sees without going off the railroad. It would have been a better book if Miss Dunbar had omitted all of the commonplace information about Arabs that she seems to think ought to go in, and had just given her painter's impression of what she finds delightful to look at. I should have liked more stories like that of the death of the Englishman who had turned native.

* * *

"Across the Sahara by Motor Car" is a finely written journal of a memorable achievement that will have far reaching consequences. The tank, which was developed during the War, had been modified by M. Citroën, the great French automobile manufacturer, into a vehicle for transport which has conquered the stubborn obstacles of Saharan travel. The great expedition was entrusted to M. Haardt, the general manager of the Citroën factories, and M. Audoin-Dubreuil, a former cavalry officer thoroughly familiar with the problems of the country. Besides being practical men of affairs these two authors have an interesting, colorful style and a sense of imagination. It took imagination as well as scientific skill to accomplish this great project. And the authors are most fortunate in having a clever and understanding translator in M. Fournier d' Albe.

The special pleasure one has in reading the story of this voyage across the desert is that the trip has significance beyond itself. The adventurers had not merely a geographical goal in view, but in reaching that goal, they accomplished something that will undoubtedly change the history of Africa. The route followed was from Touggourt, which is some four hundred miles by rail south of Algiers, through the oasis of Ouargla to In Salah, a French oasis outpost five hundred miles further south. After this stage of the journey which was through the desert of shifting sands, the real difficulties and dangers were to be encountered. The next stage was the route of ancient wells through the stony desert to the region of the Hoggar, past dead mountains that rise to a height of eight thousand feet. Then they crossed the Tanezrouft, the "Region of Thirst" where are no wells, the most dangerous part of the crossing for either caravan or tanks. After striking the route that again passes water stations, the party reached the Niger and soon made its triumphal entry into Timbuctoo. The whole raid occupied twenty days, fifteen of which were actual stages of the journey and five were for necessary rests. The distance covered was about two thousand miles, which the fastest camels could make in eight to ten weeks; loaded caravans usually take from six to seven months.

The second half of the book describes the strange Saharan city of Timbuctoo, so long a place of mystery, inhospitable to all foreigners, but now for twenty years a French outpost governed from Senegal. This curious mud-built place and its four races of inhabitants do not sound as romantic as imaginations have pictured them. The glory of its wealth and life in the Middle Ages have long since shrunk to little measure.

After a two weeks' rest at Timbuctoo the members of the expedition started back, stopping for a short hunting trip along the Niger which is marvelously rich in big game. Even more interesting than the hippos and crocodiles were the wild tribesmen who entertained the party in their villages. Many curious incidents of the trip are related, and the narrative is interspersed with translations of legends and songs, extremely interesting documents on the imaginative and emotional life of these little known peoples. With the pride in their accomplishment and the constant vision before them of the conquest of the Sahara of which this is but the beginning, the authors express at the same time a regret for the fate of these people soon to be invaded by civilization.

Shaw en Deshabille

TABLE-TALK OF G. B. S. Conversations on Things in General between George Bernard Shaw and his Biographer. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

FOURTEEN years ago Fabian circles in England were perturbed by the appearance of a stout volume entitled "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. A Critical Biography (Authorized)," to which Professor Henderson owes the proud distinction mentioned in the subtitle of this book. There have been many critical and biographical studies of Shaw, but only one of them is by "his Biographer." Reviewing that monument of industry at the time, I remember pointing out that it was a sepulchral monument, for beneath it was buried the Shaw of our early twentieth century illusions, when it seemed as if radical ideas had at last been combined with a sense of humor. Almost simultaneously more evidence of a distressing character was furnished by the selection of Augustin Hamon to translate Shaw into what purported to be French. It became apparent that G. B. S. confined his sense of humor and his intelligence to matters unrelated to himself. Whenever the abominable mess made of his work in French or German was pointed out, he retorted by the amiable insinuation that these criticisms were inspired by disappointed translators who wanted the rights for themselves. Like most people with no linguistic education, he could not realize that when M. Hamon wrote "on ne peut jamais dire" he was

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giving a literal version of "You never can tell," but he was not writing idiomatic French.

It is well to recall these facts before discussing this second appearance of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Henderson, because the point to be emphasized is, not that M. Hamon did not do the best he could, or Professor Henderson the best *he* could, but that George Bernard Shaw has shown a consistent predilection for the inappropriate and incongruous in matters of this kind. M. Hamon was a Belgian Socialist without any literary qualifications whatever. Professor Henderson was a mathematician in North Carolina; the one had to translate some of the wittiest dialogue in English for people already handicapped by complete unfamiliarity with the circumstances of Shaw's plays, the other had to write the life of a man who was the centre of an economic and intellectual movement utterly remote from American life, and for which the teaching of mathematics in a Southern University was no preparation. In both cases it was *tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin,* and George declared himself satisfied. The utter failure of his work and influence in France he regards as just an example of the intellectual stagnation of that country, and not as a proof that he is unreadable in what Robert d'Humières called the *bas-breton* of Augustin Hamon.

So far as Professor Henderson is concerned, it is surely no fault of his that his mentality is so unattuned to Bernard Shaw's that their table-talk is something of a joke, and—once more—a joke at Shaw's expense. His mental furniture is not of the kind that would stimulate G. B. S. to the point of making him talk well. Consequently, whatever is characteristic in these conversations is a few Shavian truisms; the topical subjects raised by the Biographer simply produce *non sequiturs* or commonplaces. Unlike George Moore, on such occasions, Mr. Shaw does not reduce his interlocutor to the subsidiary rôle of the disciple of Socrates. Professor Henderson holds the floor at regular and lengthy intervals, but his eloquence, I suspect, did not, in its turn, hold Shaw. Thus he launches out into a sort of after-dinner oration about "the extraordinary material progress of the United States" leading up to the question: "What unmistakable contributions to the world of art . . . has my country made, in your opinion?" Whereupon Shaw replies that he has never been in America, that his information, such as it is, must be out of date, and that he never reads books, American or others, if he can help it. He has never read "Ulysses," being unable to afford the price of it—£3/3— but all this does not prevent the Biographer from asking for Shaw's opinion of Mencken, Cabell, Dreiser, Willa Cather and so forth, nor from rehashing all the arguments about the filthiness of "Ulysses" and the dreadful state of modern sex fiction. And so we get a chapter, supposed to be talk about literature by Shaw, which consists of a list of the authors he has not read and never intends to read, evasions of Mr. Henderson's discourses about matters that apparently do not interest Mr. Shaw, and finally a restatement of all that one knew Shaw thought on the subject of censorship and pornography.

When the chapter on the drama opens, there is an irrelevant speech by Mr. Henderson at the outset, describing to Shaw himself how Shaw slipped away from the theatre at the first night of "Saint Joan" in order not to be present when the call for "Author!" came. Whereupon a conversation about the movies begins, Shaw making no comment whatever on the detailed description of how he did not make a first night speech. His views on the cinema present no divergence from what has been said repeatedly by lesser men: that money is wasted, that plays should be written for the screen and not for the theatre, that Charlie Chaplin is a great comedian. Mr. Shaw reiterates that he does not go to American plays, that he has never been in America, but yet, the tireless Professor Henderson plies him with questions and introductory exhortations upon these unanswerable topics. He asks: "What do you think of sky-scrapers—which the French attractively call *frotteurs du ceil?*" This piece of information, being thrown in to make it harder, evidently so impressed Shaw that he did not at once correct Mr. Henderson by telling him that the word he was looking for was "*gratte-ceil.*" Instead he argues that the space wasted on elevators must make the rents of skyscrapers high, and suggests that such buildings shut out the sun from the streets and should be isolated.

The final chapter is taken up with a discussion of the War, of Shaw's attitude towards it, of Wilson's part in the Versailles Treaty, and the problem of Germany today. It has, in common with the the rest of the table-talk, the quality of irrelevance and one-sidedness. Shaw delivers a sharp comment on Wilson, but he is not challenged to enlarge upon his reasons. His Biographer just sings Wilson's praises, in that tone of deep reverence which usually exasperates Shaw when other people employ it. Professor Henderson reviews the treatment of Shaw during the war and listens to the statement that the authorities did not arrest G. B. S. for his heresies because they were not so stupid as the patriots who reviled him. The fact that men of less prominence were pursued and persecuted is omitted from the discussion. The financial manipulations of the Dawes plan are acutely analyzed, obviously in a manner quite over the head of the listener, but Shaw does not enlighten him. And so the table-talk meanders to its close. At no point has one the impression of two minds that can stimulate and understand each other, nor is there any vivid picture of Bernard Shaw's personality, such as Paul Gsell and J. J. Brousson have given in their records of the conversations of Anatole France. A facsimile shows that the answers to some, at least, of Mr. Henderson's questions were written down by Shaw—a strange kind of "table-talk." However, the mechanics of such a book as this are of no importance. Such records depend for their success on the clash of two personalities. Here there is no clash. George Bernard Shaw and Professor Archibald Shaw, A. M., Ph.D. are two parallel lines, they have met only socially.

Geographical Notions

THE GEOGRAPHICAL LORE OF THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES. By JOHN KIRTLAND WRIGHT. New York: American Geographical Society. 1925.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

IN all the history of science there is nothing more fascinating to the general reader than the history of geography. Even the least travelled now retain enough of their school geography to read the illustrated supplements with interest; even the least imaginative can see the results of exploration and discovery and perhaps catch something of the spirit which bade the seamen of Columbus "sail on." Probably no other large subject in science keeps so near to average mentality.

Dr. Wright has chosen a period when the traditional ideas of antiquity were first becoming enlarged by exploration and observation, the age of the Crusades. Men's geographical notions were still shaped by Pliny and Isadore, yet they had reached a new world to the West and were on the eve of Marco Polo and the new cartography. They had a good acquaintance with the shores of the Mediterranean and with Europe west of the Elbe, a fair amount of information respecting Western Asia and North Africa. "Beyond lay the third group of regions known only through the vaguest of rumors —the domains of fabulous monsters and legendary men. To some writers India was such a land, to others Russia and northern Scandinavia, to still others the legendary isles that lay concealed in the Western Ocean," while the antipodes were in the zone of complete ignorance.

Besides reviewing these regions one by one, the author treats of cosmology and physiography and the characteristic ideas of an epoch when the geography of observation was subordinate to the geography of authority and tradition. As the use of the word "lore" implies, there is much on popular beliefs as well as on the sterner side of science. "The errors of an age are as characteristic as the accurate knowledge which it possesses—and often more so." Again and again we touch the fringes of romance, as in the voyages of St. Brandan, with their strange combination of actual icebergs and glowing images from Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, and that vivid picture of Judas let loose annually from his volcano to cool him on the floe of the western ocean, theme of Matthew Arnold and of Kipling.

The volume rests on a broad basis of scholarship, while the material is attractively presented; it is creditable both to the author and to the Research Series in which it appears.

California Vignettes

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

CAPISTRANO

"Jan Juan Capistrano," said our toothless guide in the Norfolk jacket. Descending from the bus we picked our way sedulously to a luncheon spot of fine dry grass, backed by a little picturesque adobe. We quartered the loaf we had guiltily concealed under a coat, and spread it thickly with tomato and cheese. By that time the perfect lunch spot had exhausted its excellences. We spent the rest of the day removing excruciating long prickles from garments—outer and nether. It was our first experience with the wild oat.

Then the mission with its white walls, its bells, its bright yard clotted with flower heads, its seductive pepper-tree,—that rainy sprinkled green, the red littering berries, the simpering soft curves, the gnarled trunk, bulged with knots!

Within, the long dim Mission chancel like a tunnel of darkness, the gold and blue altar at its mouth, Spanish oils with saints and waxy angels:—we passed more quietly into the courtyard and lingered by the pepper-tree, recapitulating, revisualizing, reliving the Mission's sad and simple past.

SANTA CATALINA

I held in mind a picture of the glass-bottomed boats as we should see them,—small pointed pyrex row-boats, with glittering glass oars, semi-translucent. My visualization was foredoomed to defeat.

At Avalon we stepped from the pier into the hold of a small steamer, divided into neat white pews like "King's Chapel." Bending our foreheads as for prayer on the seat in front, we stared down into a rectangular box floored with a thick pane of glass.

The sea lay robin's egg blue under us,—we slid over an ocean bed of wrinkled white sand. Above the submarine gardens we idled,—saw the long dark gelatinous sea-cucumbers moored to the rocks, blue sea bass with wide bulbous eyes staring like the whales in the "Forsaken Mermen."

Great forests of brown kelp swung softly in the ebb, the dull rough backs of abalones humped among the rocks, little orange fish dove like arrows of light into the crevices. The uncanny slumbers of the sea bred strange languors in our bones, and we breathed in unison with long soughings of the tide.

MUIR WOODS

After the climb from Mill Valley we walked on the shoulders of the world, on the humped ridges of the coastal mountains, pale and crinkled like an elephant's hide. We moved in the upland wind that whisked us briskly along the slopes. Looking back we saw the delicious folds and hollows of those fawn-colored hills, lovely bisque mounds, and interstices of faint bluebell water, almost as blanched as the sky. We saw Mill Valley like a Swiss village perched in the pointed firs. Tamalpais, green and rugged, cut across the horizon, with deer-brown paths winding up and down. On we tramped till ahead of us rose the thin steeples of the redwoods, tiering sharp and jade-green from the valley. At last clear of the dusty road, and we stand under the roof of those heroic trees.

Trunks grouped in great circles,—chestnut-spindling into the unseen sky. The fine-needled leaves let in flickers and splashes of light that fall into those deep glades and sow pink lashes about the redwoods, so the great trees under their thatched green towers swim in layers of rose light. The silence engulfs one in those brown glades, the darks, the thick mats underfoot, the sense of ancient, world-old imperturbability, where men walk and their footsteps die unechoing to the distant tops.

GOLDEN OPHIR

Now and then in this flat new-sprung city of Salinas I walk by a dooryard and see a delectable little rose-tree, as prim and perfect as if it had sprung from a gilt and purple illumination of the Middle Ages. A slim little trunk, and above it the domed bouquet of blossoms, leaves, dust-green with the long drought, flower colors pale and exquisite, round thick-petalled heads, and buds pursed deliciously in the clear silver-pale peachy bloom.

Sometimes I stand before the Golden Ophir, pink outer-edged, with inside petals of the faintest buff. A tint of angels, that sheer fainting from

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mere blush to the bare cool fresh lemony gold. I marvel then, at that ethereal blooming, that hue of fading Paris day, that sheer attar of poetry that clings about this rose-tree sprung so unpoetically from a callow soil.

CALIFORNIA GARDENS

When I see heliotrope, geraniums, fuchsias, lemon verbenas rioting here in great profuse bushes and hedges, I think of Grandma C. and the little pots she tended in her sunny New England window,—the "slips" carefully wrapped in cotton, cherished and exchanged with anxious neighbors. How she nursed them in that south window, often banked with snow, how she painstakingly trained a languid rose geranium to trail up the woodwork, how every spring she set the plants out in the little corner garden, and every fall repotted them before the first sharp-toothed frost. What would she have said, if her New England eyes had caught sight of these hedges, shoulder high, of scarlet geranium, these red ringed fuchsias, swinging their purple beads to the eaves, or white-petalled with red drops like ear-rings tapping the tops of the lintels? These bushed and exuberant verbenas scenting the walks, these waist-high heliotrope?

PEPPER-TREES

I have transferred my allegiance from a weeping willow to a pepper tree. There is no more luscious tree in the world. Hung with a million of the finest fern sprays, limp, dangling, soft as fleece,—fine-cut threaded leaves on the delicate sprays, laces ruffling in the slightest wind!

The gnarled, hunched and twisted trunk, all lumps and bubbles, and that fluff of greenness caught over it like a vagrant cloud.

Always the bright new green of pasture grass, and when the berries ripen, long sprays of microscopical rose grapes swing in the leaves like Christmas baubles.

When those divine tatters droop over a burnt adobe wall, out of an old Mission garden, they pencil romance unutterable with their thin green fingers.

PINK LILIES OF MONTEREY

How often climbing those hills, I beheld, flanking the most tottering and decrepit house, a walk rimmed with the regal pink upland lilies. Tall bare stalks, beginning at the root in a lovely mauve, and gradually mounting through shades of violet-brown to whorls of the most passionate and burning pink—a raw, ripe, magnificent color in the dingy doorways. Lily heads, the form, the bell of the Easter lily with the scent of the narcissus, a magnetic flower in the clean open, with the bright air, the pines glooming and the brisk sea below.

Those amaryllis used to fascinate me, their graceful tall stems bent with the weight of those glorious crowns. There they stood, vivid, stunning, adequate—a dashing style that lingered in the eye like a Japanese picture. Crisp and perishable on the supple stalks, there was an iridescence on them, a tartness, an *élan*, as of having triumphantly wrung that unthinkable color from the wan adobe soil.

RETURN AT EVENING

The bay lay as before in its wing of dunes, a purple cloud like an immense deep-breasted bird overhung the east, the Salinas hills stood in wrinkles of rich pearl and mauve: on the white scroll of the sands shadows drew alternate cones of raspberry and pale gilt. The water floated a glazed crust of beryl, a cool metallic Nile-green under the violet feather of the sky.

SUNNY MORNING

Morning broke in quartz crystals on the Salinas hills, and the early bay was seen as Carmel artists love to paint it, a burning, intense, riant peacock. We tramped around to the dunes at Asilomar—here the eloquent ocean outdid its most fiery representations.

Dazzling, pure, singing, cobalt—as far as the eye could see—that ring of absolute and incredible color. In the sand we saw yellow verbena, poppies, and that quaint, orange-tipped smoky flower called Paint-brush.

THE RANCH

Into that scalloped cup of the bare hills drained the California moonlight, chalk-white on the house, on the even rows of the orchard, on the dumpling hills with their mammoth intermittent parasols of live oak. Only the crickets lisping in the dry burnt grass, no sound in the hollows, and that wash of floury whiteness as the California moon lets fall her inimitable snow.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Haddock

IF the train goes from Grand Central, there are two things one can do. One can stop in the office of the SATURDAY REVIEW and borrow from the shelves of volumes not yet assigned to reviewers something that looks as if it might be amusing. Or you can halt at Liggett's Drug Store, in the same building as the Station, and study the famous counters of publishers' "jobs." The latter course is always profitable: not only can you almost always find, among the wounded and slain of the publishing world, something of real merit; you can also observe the different policies of various publishers in regard to selling off their overstock. How rapidly do X and Company, if they find a book not "moving," pass it on to Mr. Liggett (whose private library, if he has a taste for collecting, should be excellent and acquired very reasonably). Whereas Y. Z. and Company hang onto their plugs more loyally, hoping faintly, perhaps, that some backdraught of fortune may yet plump those idly flapping sails. And no one has yet told, I suppose, the queer blend of feelings with which an author meets for the first time a pile of his own children on one of those counters. At any rate, he says to himself, it's in the 50-cent lot, not the 25.

* * *

On this occasion, however, it was in the SATURDAY REVIEW office that I gleaned my train-reading. What I had really hoped to find was Earl Derr Biggers' new novel—"The House Without a Key" I think it is called—for I know Mr. Biggers' spirited skill in mystery tales, and I believed it was just the sort of thing I needed. For the qualities desirable in train-reading are not easy to find. The flying world, striped like a ribbon beside you, makes the mind too uneasy for commercing with high sobrieties. Though I admit that I found Compton Leith's *Sirenica*, which I bought the other day in the beautiful Mosher edition in Mr. Mosher's own shop in Portland, perfect miracle for my travelling mood. But then few moderns have written as that book is written, almost in the deep tenderness of Sir Thomas Browne.—I could not help being pleased, by the way, when I at last had opportunity to make my often-imagined pilgrimage to Mr. Mosher's, that even the shops just across the street did not seem to know exactly where T. B. M.'s place was. This was so exactly as it should have been, for Mosher lived, I guess, little known to his neighbors; and few of them guessed that his little books, like the sailing ships of older time, had gone round the world with the name of Portland on their sterns.

* * *

But on this trip—and I write in the train, an indignity to which I have never before been reduced—I found myself with *This Quarter*, another of those expatriate Anglo-American reviews that keep bursting forth in foreign capitals. The two great Dioscuri whose spirits brood over this magazine, seem to be Ezra Pound and Brancusi. I do not mean that they are the editors: the magazine starts its career by dedicating Volume I Number 1 to E. P. and reproducing nearly fifty of Brancusi's drawings and sculptures. I heartily approve of all intellectual magazines of this sort, as long as I can see them occasionally without having to pay for them. Whether large and unwieldy like the *Broom* or small and tight-stitched like *S 4 N* (I admit I am behind the times, for I think both these vanished some time ago) I always enjoy them; and they help to keep cheerful and busy a number of people gifted with terrific capabilities of melancholia. The way to keep a litterateur happy is to give him plenty of proofs (of his own writings, of course) to correct.

The one thing that *This Quarter* insists most upon is being fresh from the pan. It "pledges to its writers and audience to maintain its character as a periodical by presenting the artist in his latest mood. The editors of *This Quarter* realize that to a sensitive artist and to a critical audience a mood of yesterday is a painful thing. . . . Contributions will be paid for on acceptance. The editors especially urge donations to *This Quarter* of large sums to be awarded to contributors." On the whole I think I rather envy the kind of people who contribute to *This Quarter*. They are under no obligations to think out whatever notions are in their minds and try to make them intelligible. They don't even have to finish the job in hand, for several contributions are fragments "from Works Now in Progress." This is not to say that the experimentalists do not every now and then accomplish some astonishingly fine thing: I remember, for instance, some of E. E. Cummings's poems a few years ago. But they don't seem able to tell the difference between intelligible beauty and Tristan Tzara's formula for writing a dadaist poem:—

> Take a newspaper. Take a pair of shears. Choose an article in the newspaper of the length you wish to give to your poem. Cut out the article. Then cut out carefully each of the words in the article and put them all into a bag. Shake gently. Take out one cutting after another, and copy each conscientiously as it leaves the bag. The poem will look like you: And there you are, an infinitely original writer with a charming sensibility, although still incomprehensible to the vulgar.

M. Tzara, I should say, is a humorous fellow who succeeded, for some time, in gulling the young Earnests of other movements. But even *This Quarter* admits that Dada is dead. A later excitement is Super-realism. Of this we learn that it expresses "the disinterested play of thought, without any æsthetic or moral preoccupation. It tends to ruin definitely all other psychical mechanisms, and to replace them in the solution of the principal problems of life. Vows of ABSOLUTE SUPER-REALISM have been pledged by M. M. Aragon, Baron, Boiffard, Breton—" etc, etc.

How useful, I am thinking, the dadaist formula would be at a time like the present; when, owing to a number of circumstances, I try to write a piece on the train. I should even be tempted to try it if I had a pair of scissors. The chief difficulty is that newspapers are printed on both sides of the sheet; and suppose some irrelevant words got in? The greatest of poets, according to some modern theories, is the man who hitches together a string of Pullman cars.

* * *

It doesn't really matter very much: I don't mind what theories people pretend to believe about art as long as the result is thrilling and exciting. As the man said in Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday," "who am I to quarrel with the wild fruits upon the tree of life?" What I really wanted to do today was write about the queer thrilling feeling of having been in Maine: of the clean stringent air, of those divinely pointed fir trees—which, I suppose, the New England church steeples imitated. I'd gladly fall back on any formula of "super-realism" that would help me, without taking the time and trouble of slow stupid brooding, to describe the sensation of some side-streets in Portland. In a lecture-hall at Bowdoin, where a celebration in honor of Hawthorne and Longfellow was going on, I could see, far away at the other end of the big room, a blaze of scarlet. As I was thinking about Hawthorne it seemed somehow oddly significant, but I was too short-sighted to make out just what it was. Afterwards I saw: it was the bright red dress of a charming little girl, a child as gay to look upon as Hester's daughter.

On one of the piers in Portland an old fishmonger told the legend of the queer markings on the haddock. Just abaft the fish's gills are two dark blotches, like bruises, one on each side. And from each of these marks runs a straight dark line back toward the tail. The haddock, said this fisherman, was the fish with which Christ fed the multitude (though that sounds unlikely!). This so annoyed the devil that he tried to avenge himself on the species. He seized one, holding it tightly, (hence the bruise-mark) but it slipped away. The Devil's finger-nails made the long scratches on each side; since when all haddocks carry that pattern. And beauty, in any art, I guess is just as elusive as that haddock. It can't be nabbed between the thumb and finger of any manifesto.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A notable exhibition of painting and sculpture by the leading contemporary artists of America is being held under the supervision of Emil Gelhaar, the artist, at Lehigh University at the time of the Bach Festival (May 26-June 10). The Bach Festival itself occurs on May 29-30, but the exhibition will continue over a longer period.

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Books of Special Interest

Mill's Autobiography

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by STANLEY WILLIAMS
Yale University

A NEW edition of the "Autobiography" of John Stuart Mill is welcome, if for no other reason than the present difficulty of securing any text for ordinary use. At least this was so until Mr. Harold Laski's recent edition at the Oxford University Press. I know of one college class in Victorian literature which read perforce the text in Doctor Eliot's five-foot shelf. This new version, however, serves rather the needs of the scholar than the undergraduate. It is a reproduction of a manuscript of the "Autobiography" recently given to Columbia University by its Department of Philosophy. The editor, Professor Coss, believes that this manuscript was the draft intended for publication because of Miss Helen Taylor's statement, which she wrote and added to the manuscript:

"Autobiography of J. S. Mill written by himself. To be published without alterations or omissions within one year after my death.

HELEN TAYLOR."

The editor has wisely let this manuscript in its integrity speak for itself. He adds nothing about Mill in his brief preface except the terse summary of what everyone knows: "Mill's Autobiography shows, as few books can, the growth of a man in the midst of his age." Thus this new edition of the book, although clumsy in form, will serve very well as the "Autobiography" for our library shelves.

I do not know the history of the manuscript of this famous book. The delay enjoined by Miss Taylor was obviously due to the numerous complimentary allusions to herself. The new flavor comes from an occasional note by Miss Taylor, and by the exact repetition of the punctuation and capitalization of the manuscript. As for the former, in reading Mill's description of Mrs. Taylor, we encounter in the midst of it the following: "Married at a very early age, to a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her——" It was at the word "or" that Miss Taylor pencilled in *"not true."* This is, however, not a specimen page. In general,—(alas!) Miss Taylor used her pencil sparingly. Not so Mill who thought the daughter of his wife "another prize in the lottery of life." I shall quote a few lines indicating by inclusive parenthesis the eulogistic passages which Miss Taylor did not care to have published during her life-time. The following passage is a typical example of what has hitherto been omitted from Mill's book.

And, though the inspirer of my best thought was no longer with me, I was not alone: she had left a daughter, my step-daughter (Miss Helen Taylor, the inheritor of much of her wisdom, and of all of her nobleness of character), whose ever growing and ripening talents from that day to this have been devoted to the same great purpose (and have already made her name better and more widely known than was that of her mother, though far less so than I predict, that if she lives, it is destined to become. Of the value of her direct coöperation with me, something will be said hereafter, *of what I owe in the way of instruction to her* great powers of original thought and soundness of practical judgment, it would be a vain attempt to give an adequate idea). Surely no one ever before was so fortunate, as, after such a loss as mine, to draw another prize in the lottery of life—(another companion, stimulator, adviser, and instructor of the rarest quality.) Whoever, either now or hereafter, may think of me and of the work I have done, must never forget that it is the product not of one intellect and conscience, but of three, the least considerable of whom, and above all the least original, is the one whose name is attached to it.

We do not forget it. You do not allow us to do so. Nor does Carlyle, who could not understand this extraordinary spiritual experience of Mill's with Mrs. Taylor. Nor anyone else, so far as I can discover now among his contemporaries. Moreover, the above paragraph, first given to the world in its entirety, indicates, if we think also of the passage on Mr. Taylor,—indicates how Mill saw the entire Taylor family, not his lady alone, in rainbow colors. This experience which Mill calls "a valuable friendship," and then proceeds to speak of like the maddest of all lovers was the strangest and most unforgettable thing in his life. We never agreed with Carlyle that Mill was "sawdusty" or "a logic-chopping machine." That emotional experience which he called his "crisis," the love of Wordsworth, the passion for Mrs. Taylor, all attest the emotional depths in his nature.

Excavating in Sardis

SARDIS. VOL. V. ROMAN AND CHRISTIAN SCULPTURE. PART I. THE SARCOPHAGUS OF CLAUDIA ANTONIA SABINA AND THE ASIATIC SARCOPHAGI. By CHARLES RUFUS MOREY. Published by the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis. 1924.

Reviewed by GISELA M. A. RICHTER
Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SARDIS was not only the capital of Lydia under king Crœsus but retained its importance for many centuries; so that the discoveries in that locality range in date from early Greek to late Roman times. To deal adequately with this heterogeneous material, the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis has decided to publish a series of separate volumes with different parts, to appear when ready without regard to sequence. Thus the present volume constitutes the first part of the fifth volume, the only others which have so far been published being Vol. I. The Excavations, Part I, 1910-1914, by Howard Crosby Butler, and Vol. VI. Lydian Inscriptions, Parts I and II, by Enno Littmann and W. H. Buckler. Professor Morey's monograph on the scarcophagus of Claudia Antonia Sabina is not only a full publication of "the most interesting and important work of the Roman period which was found at Sardis by Howard Crosby Butler," but deals exhaustively with the whole question of Asiatic ("Sidamara") sarcophagi. The much and hotly discussed question of "Rome or the East?" raised by Strzygowski in 1901 for the origin of early Christian art in general is answered in this particular instance in favor of Asia; and this after a thorough investigation of the ground—a descriptive catalogue of all the sarcophagi of this type with special reference to what is known of their origin, and an examination of the extensive bibliography on the subject. The copious illustrations enable the reader to follow the argument step by step and to become acquainted with the related material; so that the evidence becomes very convincing. The importance of the Sardis sarcophagus in this connection is that the circumstances of its discovery are fully known and that the marble has been pronounced as derived from a local quarry; so that its Eastern origin seems assured.

Mr. Morey's account of the sarcophagus itself has all the elements of thrill and imagination which archæology supplies so freely. Its discovery was due to a peasant finding a few fragments on his land while plowing, and bringing them to the attention of the American excavators. Systematic digging on the spot soon brought most of the remaining pieces of the sarcophagus to light, so that it could be reconstructed almost in its entirety; as well as remains of the actual tomb to which it belonged—a small building with a porch, apse, and lateral niches. The porch originally accommodated two sarcophagi, one of which has disappeared except for a small fragment discovered in the Louvre! The newly found example was inscribed Claudiæ Antoniæ Sabinæ Feminæ Consularis" (the tomb of) Claudia Antonia Sabina, a lady of consular rank." On the lid are depicted two women, the Claudia in question and apparently her daughter. Claudia's husband was probably Sulpicius Crassus, proconsul of Asia in 190-1 or 190-2, A. D., who was put to death during his administration of the province by order of the emperor Commodus. The widow under the circumstances did not dare return to Rome but moved from Ephesos (the proconsul's seat) to Sardis where her daughter was presumably married; and when the time came, the two shared a sarcophagus, the other missing one having been used for the husband. The date fits the style of the sculptures very well and the story, though hypothetical, is sufficiently probable to lend human interest to the two fine portraits of Roman women on the sarcophagus. The finding of their tomb in distant Sardis, far away from their native land, brings home to us the courage and ability of the Roman governors.

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Literature Abroad

Wilson—A German View

WOODROW WILSONS WORTE ALS RECHTFERTIGUNG DER REVISION DES VERSAILLER VERTRAGS. By THEODOR HAHN. Heilbronn: Selbstverlag. 1925.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

THE march of the German army from the West Front in November, 1918, was one of the most remarkable feats ever performed by ex-belligerent troops. There was no disorder, there was much show of patriotism, and not a scrap of anything, not even a tooth-brush, was left behind. It was a clean sweep of one sort and the folks back home showed their appreciation. All cities and many villages erected "triumphal" arches through which the brave *Feldgraue* swung immediately antecedent to handing in their guns and turning over their colors. These arches were, of course, adorned with appropriate mottos, one of which read:

Seid willkommen, wackre Streiter,
Gott und Wilson helfen weiter.

This humble couplet gives a fair idea of the colossal respect the Germans had for President Wilson at the time he adjourned the war and the peace conference was about to be convened. Herr Hahn feels that if the Germans only knew how Woodrow Wilson felt about it all they would still hold his name in reverence as the name of a man who fought, suffered and died for an idealism that could only add to their relief, enable them to feel that they were not wholly responsible for the war, and fill them with hope for the future—hope based on the prospects of a revised Versailles Treaty.

To prove his point, Herr Hahn, after a sensible introduction, takes up and translates the chief of President Wilson's speeches, from the one he delivered on May 10, 1915, at Philadelphia, to the one that was broadcast from his home in Washington on the eve of the Armistice in 1923.

By singling out 499 pages from President Wilson's Worte, Herr Hahn has prepared a formidable case in favor of his thesis: Mr. Wilson was in favor of virtually nothing that was done at Versailles-Paris apart from the clauses that he himself succeeded in having embodied in the Treaty. Those great war speeches, including the "Bryan" and "Lansing" notes, have a queer ring in the German language; it is only to be hoped that the Germans will read them until they sound quite familiar.

Herr Hahn has done for Woodrow Wilson what no German ever did for Germany's greatest political poet, Heine: He has prepared a separate edition of the Wilson War Talks. Let us hope that his laborious efforts so intelligently made make for peace.

Teutonic Gravity

FRUHROT: ein Buch von Heimat und Jugend. By AUGUST WINNIG. Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cottoa'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. MADISON

THIS autobiographic novel, although weighted with an overabundance of drab detail and written in the heavy realistic manner of a bygone age, nevertheless impresses one as a meritorious work of fiction. The author depicts rural life in Germany during the eighties and nineties of the last century—its homely beauty, its social reverberations, and various effects of its physical environment—with the insight of the genuine artist. With the same intuitive keenness he bestows reality not only upon the chief character but also upon the large number of persons with whom the hero comes in more or less intimate contact.

"Frührot" presents the reactions of a sensitive soul to the smug stolidity of the village citizenry. It tells the story of a boy from his early infancy to his middle twenties. The synopsis is brief. He is the youngest of twelve. The loss of his father and the marriage of the older children leaves the family greatly impoverished. The boy is reared in dire circumstances, and has need to work at odd jobs from the time he is eight years of age. When fourteen he leaves school to be apprenticed as a bricklayer, and till the end of the story he struggles along as best he can on his meager seasonal earnings. His portrait, however, is drawn at length and leisurely; each stroke adds to the total effect slowly but cogently. And the whole reveals a wide knowledge of human nature and more particularly the darker recesses of a boy's soul.

We are told in effective detail how the boy gradually becomes aware of his environment and how he learns to accept it despite certain instinctively unfavorable reactions; how he performs prank after prank because of an innately mischievous urge and how he tries to explain the consequent punishment to his troubled sense of justice; how he manages to get on the stage as a super and immediately after is inspired to write a long play, how he becomes inoculated with socialistic propaganda and proclaims it in the classroom to the horror of a petty-minded teacher; how the consequent displeasure of the school superintendent leads to his becoming a bricklayer instead of a teacher; how he revenges himself by satirizing the leading townsmen in the county newspaper; how he organizes a strike and is imprisoned as a result. Throughout he feels and thinks as a poet. He ever gropes for light: to understand the hidden motives of human actions, to learn the whys and wherefores of life. His reactions are quick and true, and we come to know him and to like him—if our patience with the author's lack of compression is not exhausted before the end.

⁂

Equally well depicted—on a smaller scale—is his old and affectionate mother. She has suffered much, and suffering has intensified her strength of character and her natural love. She accepts her extreme poverty without much complaint—making the best of a hard existence without being at the same time unaware of her claims on society. Her fineness of character is shown especially well in the intelligent manner in which she rears her children; and their love and respect for her is sympathetically told.

The absence of a developed sense of humor and the lack of technical skill keep the author from expressing his theme more effectively. With typical German seriousness he overlooks the demand for humorous treatment in situation after situation; and where he does smile he smiles only weakly. Likewise the story is clogged with much extraneous matter. It was as if the author was anxious to relate every incident that entered into the life of the boy, regardless of its effect upon the weave and form of the story. The merit of the story can be appreciated only upon sympathetic approach, upon the willingness to shell the almond to get to the meat.

Two interesting works have recently come from the pen of Henry de Montherlant, one a moving and noble tribute to the dead of the Great War entitled "Chant Funèbre pour les Morts de Verdun" (Paris: Grasset), and the other what is a virtually a brief for the physical and moral discipline involved in sport in the sense in which the Greeks practised it. "Les Onze devant la Porte Dorée" (Grasset) is a series of prose, poems, sketches, and stories setting forth this philsophy of sport.

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H. L. Mencken says:

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Joseph Hergesheimer says: "Mencken is right":

"Mencken is right: it is beautifully written and saturated with a sharp, unforgettable emotion. It gathers up all his early promise surprisingly soon, and what he subsequently does must be of great interest and importance."

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A Letter from France

By William Leon Smyser

IN an early essay which he republishes in *Critiques d'un autre Temps* Jacques Copeau remarks the difference between "inquiète et stérile agitation théatrale" and true "mouvement dramatique." Reappearing now, as the Parisian theatres swing back into their pre-war cadence, his distinction is timely. Yet one must not be betrayed into the hasty generalization that theatrical activity is barren when it lacks a pervading tone. Contemporary French drama enjoys an eclecticism which no single movement dominates, but which, on the other hand, few influences ignore. The authors whom Antoine encouraged in 1887 are still honored at home as they are in America, England and Germany. Those foreign writers who were introduced by "le Théatre Libre" at the turn of the century still find an audience which retains its first enthusiasm, although Pirandello and Shaw are not neglected. While the technique of the established French playwright remains traditional, his ideas, if he is serious and adaptable, reflect the rich complexity of the times, and tend rather to diversify than to unite his generation. In turn, the younger dramatists refuse to band themselves round any single leader or general principle. Strong individualists, they are not even at one in their contempt for conventional structure. They do not all eschew the banal ménage à trois. They feel no common influence from the past or from other literatures.

Shakespeare is invoked year after year by those who seek escape from realism. Partridge, a scholar in the romantic paddock, and Poizat, the veteran classicist, turn to him in characteristic vein in their respective. "The French Romantics' Knowledge of English Literature" and "Les Maitres de Theatre." Guy de Pourtales, in his recent collection of essays, *De Hamlet à Swann*, reprints the stimulating prefaces to his translations of "Measure for Measure" and "Hamlet." The latter play is rarely given in France, however much discussion it may provoke, yet "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew" are frequently interpreted at the Odéon, and "Twelfth Night" and "King Lear" were favorites in the repertory of "le Vieux Colombier" till Copeau was forced to close its doors last spring. Decidedly, Shakespeare lives on where Voltaire and Hugo and de Vigny set him.

However, while some spirits revolt from Ibsen and from Dostoïevski to Shakespeare, others find in the stiff, northern mood real inspiration. Eight of those Ibsen plays which the Compte de Prozor originally translated for Antoine have been produced again this year, quite twice as many as Broadway has supported in two seasons. Sigurd Höst's excellent critical biography of Ibsen is enjoying such popularity that a third edition has been issued. As examined in this work and in outstanding studies of Dostoïevski by Gide and by Persky, Slavic and Scandinavian influences dominate that section of the serious French drama which, in ignoring Shakespeare, follows Augier and Dumas *fils*. Had Dumas written after Ibsen, he might have found a truer expression for his social philosophy; he might have revamped "Francillon." In thought and in technique Ibsen directs the modern dramatists of France. Yet the men whom he touched so vitally are passing. Hervieu, who seized upon the device of sculpturing his plots after the model of some general law, is dead, and his plays have not survived him. Brieux, although he failed to distinguish between the stage and the rostrum, the theatre and the hospital, had Ibsen's gift of wielding dialogue as a social weapon, yet today he has been silenced, and his successors feel the Norwegian's power less directly. Over them Dostoïevski exerts a fascination which has less force in theatrical adaptations like those of Copeau and Ginisty than in complete translation. It is he who has driven Lenormand into fields of thought which Brieux and Porto Riche and de Cruel left unexploited.

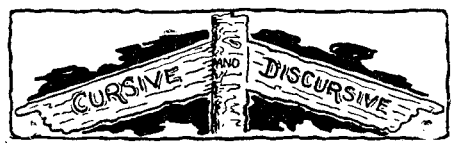
Yet Ibsen and Nietzsche and Dostoïevski affected French literature before the war, and anti-Romanticism, however resurgent, is a pre-Parnassian issue. While these familiar moods and methods exert a more significant influence than newer contacts, their triumphs are less spectacular. It was the newer blood which, during the past theatrical season, roused the most violent critical skirmishes since the advent of Stravinski. Hottest and bitterest of all was the attack which Raynal's "Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe" provoked. Raynal, however, is a native son, and should not be named with the few but interesting strangers whom Paris received last year. Primarily, the season was marked by the resumption of dramatic relations with Berlin. Upon the cosmopolitan stage of his "Maison de l' Œuvre," Lugné-Poë essayed "The Fire at the Opera," a grotesquery based by George Kaiser upon the historic burning of the Palais Royal House in 1763.

Conceiving a social comedy quite free of sex and the triangle, Romains, in writing his play, invoked the freshness of Pirandello and Shaw without their dialectic. In the several productions which the Italian has been given in Paris, he has occupied himself with the relativity of truth and the contradictory aspects of personality, while the Englishman has shown a temper of which, as Louis Gillet exclaims in his *Lectures Etrangéres* "le trait essential est le dédain de l'amour." After this comment it is not surprising that the two playboys of modern drama have established no school and found no imitators on the boulevards. Yet Pirandello's "Chacun sa Vérité," given briefly in America as "It's so, if You think it's so," has run for months at Charles Dullin's Atelier, and Shaw is played in French at the Odéon, L'Œuvre, and the Phalange Artistique, while the Macdona Players visit Paris yearly with their English repertory from his work. French critics take the keenest interest in him. Besides the "cart and trumpet" which his friend and translator, Augustin Hamon, has adopted to spread the gospel of "le Molière du XXe siècle," there are stimulating essays on particular plays by Louis Gillet, and an excellent evaluation of the man and his work by Professeur Cestre of the Sorbonne. Eventually Pirandello and Shaw may influence such undecided youngsters as Natanson and Archard, yet, at present, their introduction affects only the few; they have not taken root like Shakespeare, Ibsen, or Dostoïevski.

Indeed, even of the native dramatists, Becque only exerts an influence comparable to that of his foreign contemporaries. Not long ago he was the storm center around which raged the discussion of Eric Dawson's thesis. This year, the Odéon's production of "Le Depart" and the Comédie's revival of "Les Corbeaux" gives an opportunity to note the peculiarly modern temper of this author who has been dead for twenty-five years. Crès's anniversary edition of the complete works contains new material, the unfinished "Polichinelles," and a scenario which should throw light on Becque's methods. Even more instructive, however, is the reflection of this early realist's manner in certain phases of Maurice Donnay and Edmond See. Just as, in 1897, the former's "Doulourouse" contained fine situations of bitter irony and scathing portraiture in the style of "Polichinelles," so, in the current season, his "Reprise" includes one scene between an erring mother and her daughter which is as cruel and hard as any episode in "Les Corbeaux." Cruel and hard also is Edmond See's "La Depositaire," although the central character is a lovable little creature however desperately she may embroil herself, and the play is freer from Becque's domination than the author's earlier efforts. Had Becque been able to foresee, in contrast with his own miserable death, that prestige which the younger associates of le Théatre Libre enjoy today, his peculiar sense of humor would have been touched. Antoine has vindicated the ideals which so outraged "Uncle Sarcey." Within the year Georges de Porto-Riche has accepted the Ronsard appointment as Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, has seen "Le Vieil Homme" revived with acclamation at the Comédie, and has been lauded anew by a biography which appears in the Nouvelle *Revue Critique's* valuable little series, "Célébrities d'Aujourd'hui." De Curel, likewise promoted in the Legion, has produced in London and Paris a new war play, "Terre Inhumaine," where an amazing conflict between duty and passion is only resolved by the hero's mother, a Cathleen ni Hoolihan whose courage and self-sacrifice make her a more dramatic figure than Yeats's poetic creation.

Pushing beyond the situations where these grand pioneers are established, Lenormand represents the advancing drama.

Despite the adaptability of his technique and the origin of his mood in Strindberg and the Russians, his approach is Greek. In "L'Homme et ses Fantômes" the protagonist succumbs before a fatal flaw in his own nature which pushes him from one excess to another, his thirst eternally unsated. In "A l'Ombre du Mal" such modern terms as criminal irresponsibility and inhospitable environment translate the Sophoclean idea of Fate. Like Gorky's "Judge," this play is based upon that urge to destroy which haunts the man whom society has broken. Like Gordon's "White Cargo," it studies the disintegration of moral fibre under an equatorial sun. Lenormand unites his technical facility with Hellenic insight and simplicity.



By The Phœnician

IN an entertaining note from *Lincoln MacVeagh* he corrects us as to *Anthony Gibb's* "Little Peter Vacuum." He says,

The Gibbs volume will be an early fall book. When I was in London last month the author was just finishing it. He knows how to draw an American character—Peter is the real thing—but I noticed that he had over his Oxford mantel a bright blue flag with the word "Harvard" on it in great white letters! This was a bit of original work that had to be modified.

And by the way, I hope *Roy Campbell* (of "The Flaming Terrapin") doesn't read your paper. He hails from South Africa, not Australia. Of course, one is about the same as the other, but it would be too bad to stir the local jealousies of these little places!

We are properly humbled, inasmuch as we had just been swelling around too much because we caught the author of "The Bowling Green" in an error in stating that the last line of Markham's Lincoln poem contained the word "empty" when it really contained the word "lonesome." Thus is the biter bit! * * * *Tom Geraghty*, *Joseph Lawren* and *Carlo de Fornaro* sent us recently a most pleasing drawing of *Benjamin de Casseres* astride Pegasus on a temporary escape from Hollywood to New York. To celebrate the occasion they gave him a reception and dance at Lawren Theatre Studio at midnight on May 16th. * * * *Shaemas O'Sheel* whispers to us that *Leonard Van Noppen* is soon to come to New York with a seven hundred page epic that has occupied him for the past twenty-five years. Van Noppen is a poet who has dropped out of sight for some time, but those who remember the pre-poetic-renaissance figures of promise in American poetry will recall Van Noppen's grand style. His epic should be of real poetic importance; if it fulfills the promise he gave at one time its publication should be an event in American letters. * * * On August 15th *Carl Van Vechten's* new novel, "Firecrackers," will fusillade from the publisher. The scene of the story is New York, 1924, and characters from Van Vechten's other novels reappear in this latest work. * * * Announcement is made by the *New Fiction Publishing Corporation*, of 627 West 43rd Street,, that a new magazine, *Wit of the World*, will make its first appearance in August. It will be, as its name implies, a monthly compendium of the best wit and humor appearing in leading publications both here and abroad. At the same time *Live Stories*, published by the same company, will make its appearance as a quarterly reprint of stories selected from the magazines of the company. * * * What is believed to be the first map ever made of the "Mysterious Island," *Jules Verne's* famous story, has just come to light. It was made in 1891 by *W. A. Lorenz*, a mechanical engineer of Hartford, Connecticut, who was reading the story aloud to his children and drew for them a free-hand map which is said to be an exact delineation of "Mysterious Island" just as Jules Verne described it. The sketch was discovered just the other day by *John M. Ball* of New York City, a nephew of Mr. Lorenz, among his uncle's papers. * * * We have been especially interested recently in *Richard Le Gallienne's* papers on "The Nineties," appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. They will eventually be published in book form.

* * * The Metro-Goldwyn Corporation have bought the motion picture rights of "Plumes," by *Laurence Stallings*. * * * We had recently the great pleasure of meeting *Ellen Glasgow* who came to New York for a few days' visit. She was enthusiastic about the woodcuts of *Lankes*, who did the jacket design for her latest novel, "Barren Ground;" she is also an intelligent collector of pottery. * * * *John Dos Passos* has a new novel in process of publication, "Manhattan Transfer." * * * And we hear great things of *Floyd Dell's* new work of fiction which he is engaged in completing. It seems that he has reached the end of the "Moon Calf" kind of thing and is adventuring in new territory. * * * *Cyril Hume's* "Cruel Friendship," just published, is called to our attention as a considerable advance on "The Wife of the Centaur."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

OUTLINES OF A PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By *R. G. Collingwood.* Oxford University Press. $1.

Belles Lettres

ERASMUS. IN PRAISE OF FOLLY. Edited by Horace Bridges. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1925. $7.50.

Mr. Bridges, who is himself a humanist in both connotations of the word, has prefixed an essay "In Praise of Erasmus" to his new edition of "In Praise of Folly." In the prefatory essay Mr. Bridges describes the setting of the mighty sixteenth century tragedy which Erasmus tried to bring to a happier conclusion. The book is illustrated by Holbein's etchings and humorous drawings which Gene Markey has added by way of contemporary comment. Anthony Angarola has made caricatures in the antique style, of which one appears on the jacket of the Three Wise Fools thumbing their noses intently with double-jointed thumbs.

That its treasures might become truly catholic, Erasmus sought a reformation in, without destruction of the Roman Church, wishing a return to the purity which, dogma-bound, it preached but did not practice. Beneath his humor and the sarcastic tone of the "Praise of Folly," Erasmus meant business. He meant business with those who advocated war, who pulled wool over the eyes of the people while they pulled money from their pockets; with shams and humbugs and bigoted sots. And if results were slow in coming to Erasmus, it was, perhaps, that his vision was too great.

We do Shakespeare no less honour by coupling with his name that of Erasmus in Ben Jonson's epithet. He, too, in his broad understanding of the needs of men, was not alone of the sixteenth century, but, so long as similar evils do and will persist, for all time. Truly, Erasmus is as alive today in our complicated affairs as he seems to the wee boys of Rotterdam who scamper down to the fruit-market to see whether the statue really does turn the leaves of his book when the clock on the old red church strikes twelve.

STURLY. By PIERRE CUSTOT. Translated from the French by Richard Aldington. Houghton, Mifflin. 1925. $1.50.

This remarkable little book, which is, as the author says, not a novel, an essay, or a study, tells the story of a sturgeon, and might best, I suppose, be described as a biography. Sturly, who becomes in his prime a kind of king of the water, lives his whole life beneath the surface of seas and oceans, always wandering to discover its meaning. There dwells in the deep an old sea-urchin named Echinus, wise and immortal, and from him Sturly tries again and again to find out the secret of existence. But Echinus never quite makes it plain to him, though Sturly at the end of his life believes that we exist to live once more after Death.

Though no one can find fault with the manner in which the author has introduced its humanized and mystical elements into the book, they cannot compare with the narrative and rescription of Sturly's progress through life. To see him, in the changing light of deep and shallow water, racing away from storms, growing mature and powerful, feeling the emotions of love and accompanying his mate to the river where she deposits her eggs, moving among every species of marine life, finally growing old and being cast up dead out of the water for men to sell in market—to see all this is to get in a very rare degree a sense of pure water and throbbing life. There is poetry, too, in "Sturly," a sense of beauty, a strength of language, and a vividness of metaphor so generally effective that the abundant figures never prove a defect. These qualities are admirably carried over in the translation of Mr. Richard Aldington.

Whether or not the book has any great depth or scientific accuracy is largely beyond the point. There is nothing new about its symbolism of life, perhaps something old and, for many, unengaging about its fictitious humanity, the talks between Sturly and Echinus, and the conversations among the fish. But leaving these aside, it seems warm with vitality and distinctive in diction and style. Like Ralph Hodgson's "The Bull," this story of a sturgeon is a symbol of life mounting to the crest of power, and then falling away toward weakness and extinction.

THE MEANING OF LITERATURE. By *George Sprau.* Scribner. $1.40.

THE COMMON READER. By *Virginia Woolf.*

EDMUND SPENSER. By *W. L. Renwick.* Lovemans, Green. $3.75.

Biography

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD. (1923-1925) by *Iconoclast.* Seltzer. $2.

RICHARD BAXTER. By *Frederick J. Povsicke.* Houghton, Mifflin. $4.

THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR. By *A. J. Whyte.* Oxford University Press. $5.

AUSTRIA IN DISSOLUTION. Being the Personal Recollections of Stephan, Count Burian. Translated by *Brian Lunn.* Doran. $6.

ELEANORA DUSE: The story of Her Life. By *Jeanne Bordeux.* Doran. $6.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. By *John R. Howard.* Crowell. $3.25.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER, THE. By *Harvey Cushing.* Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $12.50.

Classics

HOMER: THE ILIAD. With an English Translation by *A. T. Murray.* Putnams. $2.50.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF STRABO. With an English Translation by *Henry Leonard Jones.* Vol. III. Putnams. $2.50.

LUCRETIUS: DE RERUM NATURA. With an English Translation by W. H. D. Rouse. Putnams. $2.50.

ARISTOPHANES. With the English Translation of *Benjamin Bickley Rogers.* Putnams. 3 vols. $2.50 each.

EURIPIDES: HECUBA. Translated with Introduction and Notes. By *J. T. Sheppard.* Oxford University Press. 35c.

Economics

STATISTICAL METHODS. By FREDERICK C. MILLS. Holt. 1924. $3.60.

It is probable that the number of textbooks dealing with the subject of economic statistics will be greatly increased during the next few years. The teaching of economics—perhaps influenced by the leadership of the business schools through the country—is leaning more and more toward the quantitative viewpoint. Methods of proving points of theory by the results of actual experiments and compilation of numerical results over a period of time are constantly sought. Some of the theories of mathematical statistics are thus proving extremely useful in the study of economics, where formerly they were confined to the field of biology or mathematics. Indeed, some major theories now find their chief usefulness in this field.

It is necessarily difficult to present the methods of statistics for the use of students of economics who have no particular training and probably less liking for mathematical theory. A middle ground must be sought out where two modes of thought can be brought together. To solve this difficulty and find such a ground is the purpose of such books as this recent one by Professor Mills. It is probable that the author has solved it in the best possible way so far as experience to date has pointed it out. Further progress along the same lines over the next few years is altogether probable, and almost inevitable in view of the constant study that the subject is receiving. Until such time as that progress takes shape, this book admirably serves the purposes of those interested in economic statistics.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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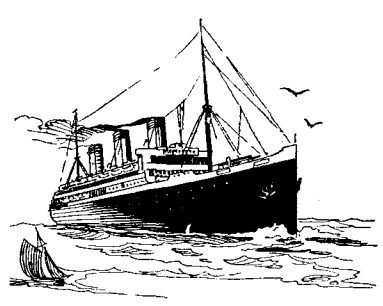

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The New Books

Economics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

these principles can follow them out by careful analysis of the text. Some theories are discussed at greater length in the latter part of the book. Numerous illustrative tables and charts of actual data are included,

Fiction

THE GOLDEN DOOR. By EVELYN SCOTT. Seltzer. 1925. $2.50.

Paul, the young husband, was a half-baked intellectual; brooding, introspective, futile, full of talk. May was his wife. She was soft and blond and stupid, with an inferiority complex and eyes like a Holstein calf. They had a baby who whimpered and dribbled and slobbered, and probably, occasionally, worse. They lived in a musty, ramshackle farm house with a leaky roof, and they raised vegetables and very nasty pigs, and ate opaque greasy meat from a table spread with yellow oilcloth, because Paul had the Courage of his Convictions and did not believe in Normalcy.

There was Nina, blue-eyed and raw-boned and dominant, with a big moist mouth and a throaty voice; a farmer's daughter with the thinnest imaginable shellac of civilization. And there were a few other people, all in one way or another unpleasant.

Paul and May and Nina together in a trough of emotional surfeiture, emerging finally glutted and sick, but spiritually unredeemed.

Evelyn Scott is a stylist of the highest order, vivid, terse, picturesque, with an exquisite sense of word values. With a phrase she can summon a mood. Her touch is competent and sure as the Devil's, and not unlike it. She invests unpleasantness with an incredible richness.

> The cat crouched lower. Its head moved quickly, stealthily, between its crouched shoulders. The pupils of its eyes widened and it gazed, with a kind of blank dreaming rage, at May's gliding foot. It saw terribly, as if without seeing. . . . The cat's tail twitched and swayed, trembling with a separate anger. Its ears flattened forward, making its face grotesque. Its tail was rigid, its belly stretched. It sprang noiselessly, its claws spread. May jerked her foot away and doubled her legs back under her chair. The cat sat down again. The pupils of its eyes became mysterious vertical slits of limpid velvet. Its rage grew secret and remote. It sat there in a harsh, strange silence. Occasionally a rigor ran through its body along its spine and its tail twitched and swayed again. Then it looked still and contented in its mindlessness, as if satiate in hate.

Superlative praise is a dangerous thing, but this reviewer knows of no writer upon rain, animal passion, grief, hogs, mud, sweat, and futility, who can hold a stylistic candle to Evelyn Scott.

NOMAD. By PAUL JORDAN SMITH. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.50.

The quest has been a favorite mould into which to cast philosophic speculation and satiric commentary. Pantagruel, Don Quixote, and, more latterly, Jurgen have been sent forth into the world to find that which their masters wished humanity to see. Without presuming to compare Paul Jordan Smith with these masters, it seems accurate to say that the wanderings of John Howe make an extremely entertaining and provocative book of this general type. In those who take philosophies and institutions with great seriousness it is likely to provoke rage and disgust. In lighter-minded individuals, mirth and a degree of thought.

Just as "Nomad" is a lesser work than the great satires, so John Howe is of lesser stature than their principals. He and his two companions of the journey are rather the embodiments of abstract points of view than symbols of typical attitudes toward life. They talk of their several ways of approaching life in a detached and contemplative manner, and when they act upon their theories it is as if they were upon a stage. For all their abstractness they are, paradoxically, human and real to a surprising degree. They are like flesh and blood people become superhumanly articulate. By making his characters mouthpieces instead of symbols, Mr. Smith has been able to bring them much closer to actual humanity than their archetypes. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, being personifications of great groups of human beings, must lead lives which are huge and beyond life. The characters in "Nomad," being only representative of ideas, are, except for their articulateness, like living beings. Like the characters in Shaw's plays they give the illusion of reality and appear as puppets at the same time.

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH. By DONN BYRNE. Century. 1925. $1.25.

Ever since Donn Byrne wrote "Messer Marco Polo" he has been striving, rather pathetically, to recapture the colorful and tender virility of that unexpected little masterpiece. And he has failed, with the absolute and torturing failure of a man whose sophistication brings him the desire to return to the golden simplicity of a happy childhood. "Messer Marco Polo" won an instant and unintended commercial success; that touch of Midas has robbed its successors of its charming naïveté and has produced instead a heavy, lifeless mass of sentimentalized dross.

His characters not only live in an unreal world, but are unreal concoctions, hybrid of Dunsany and Synge, speaking a language never spoken in the Emerald Isle. Around them presses a style as meticulous, elaborate and artificial as that of James Branch Cabell at his most precious, supplying a thin atmosphere which could not be breathed by any but the sentimental morons who sing of "Mother Macree" from the vaudeville stage, or, in rather better clothes, wander ineffectually through the pages of Donn Byrne.

The story of "O'Malley of Shanganagh" is trite, unnecessary and conventional, the story of an Irish officer who eloped with a novice from an Anglican nunnery. The novice later repents and endeavors to atone for her sin by ruining O'Malley's life. Eventually she returns to her nunnery, leaving her husband a bitter, disillusioned, picturesque old hanger-on in Dublin bars. Such a study in moral defeat, might have a grandeur and a dignity and a power in such hands as George Moore. Here it is little more than a frame-work on which to hang the tinsel strings, the blown-glass globes, and artificial icicles of Donn Byrne's present mannerisms. Pathos, not tragedy; wistful prettiness, not beauty; human querulousness and not human dignity are the themes handled in this volume.

Only once or twice does Byrne strike a happy, unaffected moment, when he does not feel bound to be Irish. Then he achieves a passage that lights up the surrounding emotional and stylistic rubbish like a blinding vision of that Island of the Blest whither he would win. Such passages go far to explain why his books, for all their triviality, enjoy so great a vogue. They also hold out the hope, that once he has won clear of his present Irish bog, he may stride manfully along in quest of other lost lands of the spirit, where the inhabitants have not got the Gaelic, and the author can do justice to his own imaginative intuitions.

MINNIE FLYNN. By FRANCES MARION. *New York: Boni & Liveright.* 1925. $2.

The story of the girl who comes to grief by way of the "movie" studio has been told many times, in many ways; as tragedy, comedy, and most frequently, as sensational melodrama, but although some competent writers (e. g. Rupert Hughes) have attempted it, it has been left to Frances Marion to produce a really satisfactory novel from this material. For this book is a fine performance: kept well in hand, almost austere in its restraint, safely avoiding the pitfall of nastiness for its own sake, yet dealing without squeamishness with things that under less skilful handling would be merely repulsive, and always keeping the elements of the story in a due proportion. Its narrative is fluent, orderly, developing inexorably to the final tragedy that one foresees from the start. The author shows considerable dramatic power, but she also has the rarer quality of understanding her people thoroughly: she does not pose them or force them into "situations" for any artificial effects, although we are told that she is an experienced scenario writer. There is nothing of the technique of the screen in this.

The story records the rise and fall of pretty Minnie Flynn, a daughter of the tenements (her father an honest, simple Ninth Avenue plumber) and along with her rapid career as a "star" the fortunes of her family, who are dragged up—and down—with her: her brother Pete, a natural born "bum," Jimmie, the amateur prize fighter, Nettie, her homely elder sister and the bewildered old father. These subsidiary elements are managed with great skill, adding a rich completeness to the picture, but always kept in their proper place and always a necessary, integral part of the whole narrative. The career itself is familiar

(*Continued on page 798*)

Speaking of Books

Existing Confusion

in the social sciences in general, and in sociology in particular, must be cleared up if a mastery over our social environment is ever to be attained. Nicholas Spykman believes that the liberation of the individual, an idea postulated by the 18th century, is the great task of the 20th century.

But this task can never be accomplished so long as the distinction between ends and means, between applied science and fields of theoretic inquiry, is ignored.

Hence this renewal of the discussion of methodological problems through a study of the work of Georg Simmel, who, "more than any other philosopher occupied himself with the methodology of the social sciences." *The Social Theory of Georg Simmel.* By Nicholas J. Spykman. $3.00, postpaid $3.15.

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Speaking of Books

Of Interest

not only to alumni but also to students of history is this record of two of the oldest universities in this country—Rochester and Colgate. After considerable careful research, Mr. Rosenberger is able to furnish important information about the Baptists of the state of New York and their connection with higher education in the first half of the nineteenth century. He describes impartially the controversy that for three years so agitated the denomination, and tells of the labor and sacrifice through which the University of Rochester was founded. *Rochester and Colgate. Historical Backgrounds of the Two Universities.* By Jesse Leonard Rosenberger. $1.50, postpaid $1.60.

Regional History

of this country is further recorded in *The Book of Lake Geneva.* Inland lakes at this time of year begin to have a special appeal. In Wisconsin Lake Geneva is particularly famous—so much so that Paul B. Jenkins has written an attractive volume about it, its history, physical features, wild creatures, its natural and its man-made points of interest. *The Book of Lake Geneva.* By Paul B. Jenkins. $4.00, postpaid $4.15.

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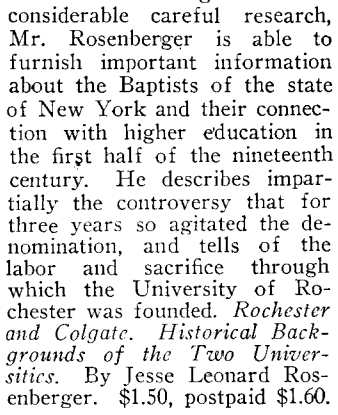

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

The Counterplot. By *Hope Mirrlees* (Knopf).

Swallowing the Anchor. By *William McFee* (Doubleday).

The Life of Sir William Osler (Two Volumes). By *Harvey Cushing* (Oxford Press).

S. M. M., Greenwich, Conn., asks if there has been a recent publication on English gardens; this is in preparation for a vacation spent in visiting them.

"The Gardens of England," by E. T. Cook (Macmillan), has been quite lately issued in its second, revised edition. This is a study of the features and attractions of English gardens in general, with references to particular examples. It would be excellent as advance reading or as an aid to memory. "English Flower Gardens and Home Grounds" is a large and finely illustrated work published by Scribner; last year the thirteenth edition was issued. If the trip were to be to Spain, there is a fine new quarto illustrated work on "Spanish Gardens and Patios" by Mildred and Arthur Byne (Lippincott), the only one on the subject.

I. N. Z, Ardmore, Pa., asks about bird books for young people, not technical but accurate.

For very little children "The Burgess Book" (Little Brown) has proved fascinating as fairy-tales. "Knowing Birds Through Stories," by Floyd Bralliar (Funk and Wagnalls) is a reading-book of personal experiences with our familiar birds; talking about them as an older person tells a younger about birds he has not yet seen but must be on the lookout for.

F. S. Mathews's "Book of Birds for Young People" (Putnam) is loved and widely used by children of all ages; it gives migration routes and the music of bird-songs as well as descriptions. Harriet Miller's "Children's Book of Birds" (Houghton Mifflin) is for younger readers; so is Edith M. Patch's "Little Gateways to Science: Bird Stories" (Atlantic Monthly). "Bird Stories from St. Nicholas," one of a series of inexpensive collections made from magazine favorites (Century), would make a good "nature reader."

A. Y. and M. S., both of New York City, ask for books on drawing, one for a boy of thirteen, the other for a girl of the same age, and in one case with a gift for caricature; and G. F., Brooklyn, needs advice on drawing for a younger child.

In a handbook by Sargent and Miller of Chicago, published by Ginn and called "How Children Learn to Draw," I saw at last how they learn to make those surprising pictures they bring home from school nowadays and make old-fashioned mothers wonder how all that talent got into the family. The chapter on the illustration of these themes is the most illuminating to the teacher in general; there is advice on drawing birds, plants, the human figure and constructed objects. "The ABC of Drawing," by D. P. Augsburg (Globe Pub. Co.) is a teacher's manual arranged by lessons for school use for children a little older.

"The Art of Drawing in Lead Pencil," by Jasper Salwey (Scribner), more advanced, is explicit and lucid in its advice to those already past the first stage, especially in the technique of taking notes. "Drawing for Art Students and Illustrators," by Allen Seaby, comes from Batsford, 94 High Holborn, London, and is the most complete of these manuals that I have seen. It is less for home instruction than as a companion while studying; and an excellent aid to constructive self-criticism; the section on drawings by the masters, with many examples, is especially valuable.

"The Practice and Science of Drawing," by Harold Speed (Lippincott), is a large and copiously illustrated work on principles as well as methods in drawing; for the art student its advantages are clear, and to the general reader this book, like Seaby's, is worth careful attention.

G. P. D., Birmingham, Ala., asks for advice in choosing reference books for children from twelve years of age through High School, naming several for my choice.

My own preference is for "Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia," a. subscription publication in many volumes. I have asked several specialists how it measures in regard to their subjects and their replies are satisfactory; the style is sufficiently interesting, the choice of material appropriate, and the matter of arrangement is that of the adult encyclopedia, so that the habit of consulting such works can be continued. "The New Champlin Cyclopedia for Young People" comes from Holt: two volumes have appeared, one for "Persons," one for "Places and Events." "Persons" is the only biographical dictionary for young people; the sketches are concise, suggestive rather than dogmatic, and just long enough to "place" the man for a young student. This is less expensive than Compton; it is smaller.

L. E. S., Simsbury, Conn., has a four-months collie pup and needs "foolproof literature" on dogs and their care and training. He will not stop at one book.

Begin, then, with "The Puppy Book," by Robert S. Lemmon (Doubleday Page). For non-professional care and admonition, for bringing up a creature that is to be one of the family, "Your Dog and Your Cat," by Roy Spaulding (Appleton), has been popular for the past three or four years, and for younger owners an English book, "Pets for Boys and Girls," by A. J. Macself (Dutton), is fine. It deals with dogs, cats and other standardized pets, including cavies—our unintelligent companions the guinea pigs—and has a good word for rats, tortoises and other animals frowned on by families.

"The Complete Dog Book," by W. A. Bruette, was a popular and comprehensive manual in the Middle West, where dogs have more hunting life than here, when Appleton took it over from Stewart Kidd. "Everybody's Dog Book," by A. J. Dawson (Stokes) is another of these canine encyclopedias, and another is "The Complete Book of the Dog," by R. Leighton (Funk and Wagnalls). There have been two books about dog conduct and psychology lately that stand out above others: "Dogs and Men," by Mary Ansell (Dutton), and "Bashan and I," by Thomas Mann, the famous novelist (Holt). The first is by Barrie's former wife, and one of its leading

(*Continued on next page*)

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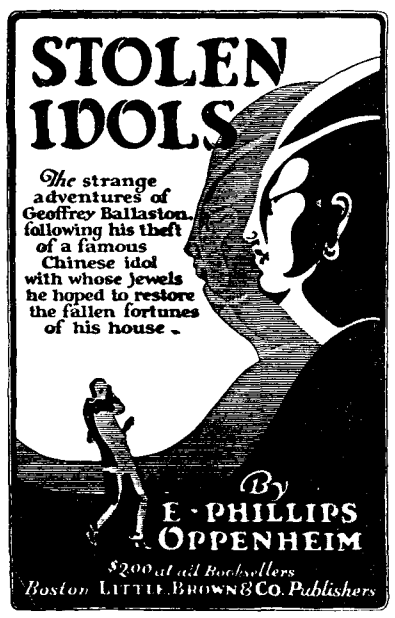
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Points of View

"The Western Shore"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

One has scarcely the right to protest against a reviewer's likes and dislikes, but when they are expressed in such a way as to give an entirely wrong impression of their object, one may at least sorrowfully dissent. The anonymous reviewer of Mr. Clarkson Crane's "The Western Shore" in your issue of May 2d seems to have completely missed the point of the book which was entrusted to him. It is as beside the mark to criticize that bit of literature as if it were a "novel"—whatever that is—as it would be to criticize an automobile because it cannot fly. "The Western Shore" never pretended to be anything other than a series of "episodes whose connection is merely chronological." In fact the original title of the book was "Scenes of University Life."

As a series of such episodes "The Western Shore" has struck a diversity of readers, to whom I have enthusiastically shown it, with a peculiar power. They have included former students and residents of Berkeley and people who have never been within range of the Coast. They have all agreed that it is a singularly mature work of art. They invariably comment on the author's penetration of his characters. I have taught in that scene for six years before and after the War and I am willing to confess that no other piece of writing about the same subject matter has so profoundly moved me. The brittleness of Californian life, snapping in one's fingers as one seeks to hold it, the warmly glowing landscape, the futility of the human beings, naïvely idealistic or naïvely materialistic, are all expressed in a style which adjusts itself to its subject automatically. There is such an absence of effort in that style, so little preciosity, such firmness, that it alone might be expected to delight a literary critic whatever he might think of the themes it enriches.

But aside from his extraordinary stylistic success, Mr. Crane has achieved the creation of a group of men and women who haunt one after the book is closed. How could your reviewer have failed to be impressed by the intensity of those portraits, by the suggestiveness of their outlines? A sensitive mind, one would imagine, could not have read those pages without being impelled beyond them into the background from which their heroes emerge. It is simply a mystery how anyone could say that Tom Gresham, for instance, and Burton and George Towne, are "sketches, instantaneous, individual, rather than completely comprehended." Still, if a man could write such English and not quiver with shame, could use such *clichés* as not seeing the forest for the trees and seeing life steadily and whole, and use them in public, he could hardly be called a sensitive mind.

I console myself with the reflection that by the time the review appeared "The Western Shore" would have made its way or failed and that little could be done to change its course. It would be unfortunate, however, if this consolation were unwarranted and that serenely written book be shelved too soon.

GEORGE BOAS.

Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Tully Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Will you please permit me space enough to answer the letter written by Mr. Jay Lewis, regarding my charge that the late Mr. Sullivan was a moron? Mr. Lewis was unkind enough to say that "Mr. Tully takes great credit to himself as an intimate of John L. Sullivan." I was fifteen years of age at the time of which I wrote.

I would hazard a guess that Mr. Lewis is a New England college professor. I think that Mr. Boyle O'Reilly and Mr. Roche were both Irish in their time, though so many Jewish pugilists have been taking Irish names lately, that it is not well to be too sure. At any rate they were both third class poets—which is a state of mind lying close to moronia. As for Mr. Brisbane's testimony regarding John's mental status—it moves me not at all. Arthur feeds the pulp of thought to millions of morons every day. So John met the prince and John said—"How are you, Prince? How is your good mother?" Mr. Strachey should have written about that interview in his life of the good mother. It was certainly a ponderous question to ask a prince. Brisbane should have made pulp out of it for his daily column. "In any gathering Sullivan dominated all by his personality, yet he was bashful in the presence of women, not meaning those who are known as gold-diggers," this from the letter. Personality is a catch word of the people who live in twilight. Sullivan dominated a crowd as a policeman does a gang at an automobile accident. Had destiny not slipped he might have worked his way to the Captaincy of Police in Boston. He may have even pounded the sidewalk in front of Miss Lowell's home. How interesting it might have been—if they had talked about the personality of John Keats!

As to Mr. Sullivan "who knocked out in a few weeks more men than Dempsey has in his life." In the old days—and in days not so old—no man had a chance against a touring gladiator. The gladiator's manager—or some one quite close—always held the watch. Lasting more than two rounds under such circumstances—was—well—how's your good mother? If you were particularly rambunctious—the touring bruiser circled you around until your dull head was close to the rear curtain—the touring bruiser then aimed at you. . . . your head shot back to avoid the blow—and bingo—a mallet tapped the curtain ever so gently—and the gentleman sank to the most peaceful oblivion—tormented only by perhaps Arthur Brisbane's friend—or some other gentleman with a lot of personality.

As for anybody not being a moron who could worst General Nelson A. Miles in a passage at words. Tell that to the marines or other uniformed gentry who toured Cuba and the Philippines twenty years back. They'll roar in the everglades.

As for my ability as a bruiser. John L. Sullivan thought I was a "promising kid." I got my nose busted once to make a back alley holiday for him. I was really a very bad fighter—some even said that I had "a streak of yellow." It was only temperament—not understood in a land where a man might be a king "by right of his mighty fists."

But, of course, it is all from where a fellow sits. I once heard a Los Angeles library attendant say that she thought H. L. Mencken was "terribly stupid." But Mencken really has personality.

JIM TULLY.

Los Angeles.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

characters is the original of the dog nurse in "Peter Pan." Colette Willy makes her first appearance in book form in English with a sympathetic set of studies, "Cats, Dogs and I" (Holt), a translation of her famous "La Paix chez les Bêtes"; the cats are especially good and the cat who had "had such a sad life" and capitalized it in her expression and conduct is best of all, but there are dogs, too.

M. H. B., Craftsbury, Vt., asks for material for declamation by High School pupils, and also material for a program of poems written as the result of the Great War.

"MODERN Literature for Oral Interpretation," selected and introduced by Gertrude Johnson (Century), is the best school collection for young people at this age that I know. "The Reciter's Treasury of Verse" (Dutton) is an immense volume with all sorts of poems that read aloud well. There are two little volumes of "Soldier Poets" published by Brentano that have some of the poems of the War. "From the Front," a collection published by Appleton, has some lovely verses. An American program must include Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger, and a number of their war poems, with many other poems of big interest, are in Harriet Monroe's "The New Poetry" anthology (Macmillan). Two books that a school library will find useful for programs are Grace Humphrey's "Stories of the World's Holidays" and "Under These Trees" (Bradley). Both are historical and get together interesting material not easy for school-children to find.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 796*)

enough: an initial success chiefly due to intelligent direction, leading to unwarranted ambitions: further success by means of intrigue, and ultimate wreckage and descent to the lowest depths. But there is nothing cheap or commonplace in the author's handling of it.

We are told that many of the characters are drawn recognizably from actual figures. However that may be they certainly produce a positive impression of truthfulness. The book has no great distinction of style but its manner is not displeasing, and its English good, above the average.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By *Anthony Trollope* (World Classics). Oxford University Press.

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP. By *Cyril Hume*. Doran. $2.50 net.

MAY FAIR. By *Michael Arlen*. Doran. $2.50 net.

SERENA BLANDISH. By a Lady of Quality. Doran. $2.50 net.

SUN BROTHERS. By *Henry Williamson*. Dutton. $2.50.

RED HAIR AND A BLUE SEA. By *Stanley R. Osborn*. Scribners. $2.

MARY OF MAGDALA. By *Archie Bell*. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.

MADONNA AND THE STUDENT. By *Isabel Neilson*. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

MONSIEUR RIPOIS AND NEMESIS. By *Louis Hémon*. Translated by *William Aspenwall Bradley*. Macmillan Co. $2.

SELECTED ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. Edited with notes by *H. S. Milford*. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.

UNINVITED GUESTS. By *J. Jefferson Farjeon*. Dial Press. $2.

History

HISTORY OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE. By CHARLES DIEHL. Princeton University Press. 1925. $2.50.

MEDIÆVAL CITIES; THEIR ORIGINS AND THE REVIVAL OF TRADE. By HENRI PIRENNE. The same.

These attractive volumes present to American readers two of the most distinguished European historians of our day. Charles Diehl, of the Sorbonne, has been for a generation the leading French writer upon Byzantine life and art, but although his many publications have been a source of delight to the general reader as well as the specialist, only occasional chapters have been accessible in English. The present volume constitutes the best brief sketch of the general history of the Byzantine empire available in any language, and in its English dress it will do much to dispel ignorance respecting that great and little understood element in the history of Europe and Asia. It is to be hoped that this outline of narrative history will be followed by a translation of its companion study of Byzantine culture entitled "Byzance."

Henri Pirenne, of Ghent, is not only the leader among Belgian historians but one of the most vigorous historical forces in contemporary Europe. Widely known for his deportation to Germany during the War, he is the author of the standard history of Belgium and of many studies of that city life of the Middle Ages in which the Low Countries played so large a part. As visiting professor at various American universities in 1922 he delivered a set of fresh and stimulating lectures which now appear in English. His theme is the decline of commerce in that Roman lake, the Mediterranean, as the result of the Saracen conquests, and the slow growth of trade and towns in northern Europe. This large and vital chapter of the history of civilization is sketched by a master hand in a way that illuminates the origins of municipal institutions and of that middle class which, for good and ill, has meant so much in the world since the twelfth century.

International

MODERN TURKEY: A Politico-economic Interpretation, 1908-1923 inclusive, with selected chapters by representative authorities. By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS. Macmillan. 1924. $6.

This is by all odds the most compact, comprehensive compendium of information concerning modern Turkey that has yet appeared. It is admirably documented and indexed. Of especial value are the statistics and general data concerning economic and financial conditions. For those who have special need for information of this character the volume will prove a most handy reference. For the general reader it will not prove what may be termed a "readable" book: it is not a consecutive narrative, and the separate articles are not bound together very successfully. Certain of these special articles may be read with particular interest, as for example, the chapter on Women by Doctor Mary Mills Patrick, President Emeritus of the Constantinople College, and on Archaeology by the late Howard Crosby Butler of Princeton University. Not all of these articles are by recognized specialists, however, and some are of too obvious a bias to have much authoritative value, where statements of opinion and judgments are involved. If one is careful to discriminate between facts and opinions, the volume will prove of great value as a small encyclopaedia of information.

Miscellaneous

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By IAN FERGUSON. Appleton. 1925. $2.50.

Mr. Ferguson uses the word "witch" in a sense wider than that as yet accepted by the dictionary: she was the apostle of "a philosophy of comfort." His thesis is that the "wise woman" was originally "prophet, priest, and king" as well as doctor and medium, though man later usurped her powers; that when Christianity darkened the world, the witches perpetuated paganism in the "Dianic" cultus all over Europe and even in America; and that religious persecution alone made witchcraft diabolistic. Then Mr. Ferguson devotes a chapter of praise to the Scotch spiritual discipline which, while it burned the witch, produced "that wonderful age of faith, learning, and discovery—the Scotland of the nineteenth century." The final chapter is a vague denunciation of psychical research, apparently because it is not "spiritual."

Mr. Ferguson accepts as fact several theories which would be startling if he furnished us any proof thereof. Jeanne d'Arc, for example, was of the Dianic cultus, according to him, and so was her maréchal, Gille de Rais, "the most famous and infamous of the warlocks of France." We should like some verification of this linking of chief saint and sinner of that century in the bonds of the same secret religion. We do not say that it is wholly impossible; we merely should like a little proof. The documents of both trials are readily accessible.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF LEROY TITUS WEEKS. Copyright, 1923, by LeRoy Titus Weeks. Iowa. 1925.

Mr. Weeks is nothing if not confident. Facing the copyright page, this line of Whitman's does duty as his motto:

Me, imperturbable, standing at ease in Nature,
Master of all, aplomb in the midst of irrational things.

Mr. Weeks may be at ease and aplomb, but he is scarcely master of all such irrational things as the capture and communication of poetry. But he is nothing if not versatile. His volume is divided categorically into the following sections: Bird Poems; In Dialect; French Forms; Sonnets; Miscellaneous; Quatrains; Juvenile; Free Verse. A few of the titles are "I'll Paddle in Puddles No More," "There's But One Morning for the Rose of Life," "The Blues," "Arcadee," "Who Stole the Chicken?" "To Shelley," "To James Whitcomb Riley," "Love and I," "A Charm for Warts." There are also eight poems entitled "Christmas, 1915," "Christmas, 1916," etc., one of which contains a rhyme as unorthodox as "England" and "Jinglin'." It is true that this is Mr. Weeks' most radical assault on the conventions (although one of his quatrains has five lines), for elsewhere he is more traditional. As for striking figures, Mr. Weeks' Muse is positively pugilistic; she abhors a calm commonplace. For example:

A STORM AT SEA

This is no ruthless, angry sea;
I see no sign of cruel wrath:
Just monstrous power in rollicking glee;
Just God Almighty at his bath.

One or two of the Bird poems sound a light onomatopoetic note. But for the most part, these two hundred and fifty pages groan with patriotism, capital letters, references to Iris (rhyming with Osiris), Aidenn (coupled, of course, with maiden), Queen Mab, Excalibur (spelled Excalibar, to rhyme with star), fair Columbia, Jehovah, Venus and Santa Claus. No one—no one, that is, since Norris C. Spriggs, author of "Sprigs of Poetry"—has given his readers (whoever they may be) such good measure.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

STANDARD sets of modern authors, extra-illustrated works, eighteenth century illustrated French books, and English first editions of the sixteenth to nineteenth century, including the libraries of the late Mrs. Robert Stewart, a New York gentleman, and the remaining portion of the library of the late Rev. Paul F. McAlenney, were sold at the American Art Galleries on May 7 and 8. There was lively competition at all three sessions and prices generally were good, frequently high. The following are a few representative lots and show the range of prices:

Garden (Alexander). "Anecdotes of the American Revolution," 3 vols., 4to, morocco, Brooklyn, 1865. Limited edition, extra-illustrated. $130.

Burns (Robert). "Poems," 8vo, levant. Kilmarnock, 1786. First edition of the poet's first book, title page in facsimile and other repairs. $475.

Clemens (S. L.). "Writings," 25 vols., three-quarters morocco, Hartford, 1899-1907. Autograph edition $200.

Cunningham (Peter). "The Story of Nell Gwynn," 1 vol., extended to 2 vols., by the insertion of 190 portraits and views, 4to, morocco, New York, 1883. Limited edition. $185.

Doran (Dr. John). "Their Majesties Servants," 5 vols., royal 8vo, half morocco, New York, 1865. Large paper copy. Extra-illustrated. $115.

Irving (Washington). "Complete Works," 40 vols., 12mo, morocco, New York, 1893-1897. Author's autograph edition. $240.

Lossing (Benson J.). "The Home of Washington and its Associations," thick 4to, extra-illustrated, levant, New York, 1865. Edition limited to 100 copies. $130.

Meredith (George). "Works," 36 vols., including 1 vol. of illustrations, 8vo, cloth, Westminster, 1896-1911. Constable's fine edition. $165.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "Works," 26 vols., 8vo, cloth, New York, 1921-23. Vailima edition. $175.

Phillips (Edward) "Theatrum Poetarum," small 4to, half calf, London, 1675. First edition, Lord Tennyson's copy, later presented by him to Locker-Lampson. $145.

Thackeray (W. M.). "Vanity Fair," 20 parts in 19, original yellow pictorial wrappers, London, 1847-48. First edition in the original parts. $225.

The evening of May 8 the typographical and general library of David Williams of this city was sold and prices again were good throughout the sale.

A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Bibliophile Society. "The Odes and Epodes of Horace," 9 vols., and "A Thousand Horatian Quotations and Appreciations of Horace in Ancient Writers," together 10 vols., 4to, levant, Boston, 1901-04. Limited edition. $105.

Whistler (James McNeill). "Etched Work," compiled, arranged and described by Edward G. Kennedy, 1 vol., text, and 3 portfolios, 4to, boards, New York, 1910. Limited edition published by the Grolier Club. $400.

New York. Stoke's "Iconography of Manhattan Island, 1498-1909," 4 vols., half vellum, New York, 1915-22. Edition limited to 360 copies. $360.

Printing. Claudin's "Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France au XVe et au XVIe Siecle," 3 vols., atlas folio, in original portfolios, Paris, 1900-04. Most important work on French printing, compiled and printed by order of the French Government for the Exposition Universelle, 1900. $125.

Retza (Franciscus de). "Comestorium vitiorum," folio, morocco, Nuremburg, 1470. Editio princeps, first book printed at Nuremburg with a date. $290.

SALE OF AMERICANA.

PART I of the library of the late Edwin O. Wood, consisting mainly of material relating to American history, comprising 337 lots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, May 12, bringing $3,598.75. A few of the more important lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Anville (J. B. B. D.). "Universal Atlas," folio, half calf, Paris, 1747-67. Contains 11 maps showing America in whole or in part. $65.

Michigan Newspaper. *The Genesee Whig*, later the *Wolverine Citizen*, a weekly newspaper published in Flint, Mich., 17 vols., folio, 1850-93. A fine run of an early Michigan newspaper. $205.

Jesuit Relations. "Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791," edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, 73 vols., 8vo, buckram, Cleveland, 1896-1901. Limited edition. $185.

Maps. Miscellaneous collection of American maps from 1725 to 1915, about 100 in all. $110.

Moll (Herman). "Atlas Minor," oblong 4to, London, 1729. Contains the rare map dtaed 1729 of "New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania," which is the earliest known map relating to these post-routes engraved in one corner. $36.

Rogers (Robert). "A Concise Account of North America," 8vo, calf, London, 1765. First edition of this noted ranger's account of North America. $25.

Wells (Edward). "A New Set of Maps both of Ancient and Present Geography," folio, boards, London, 1722. Contains 7 maps relating in whole or in part to America. $80.

SARGENT'S LAST LETTER.

THE last letter written by John Singer Sargent, the American artist, was received in New York, April 25 by Erwin S. Barrie, manager of the Grand Central Galleries, who has given out the letter for publication. The envelope bore the postmark of 11 P.M., April 14, just three hours before his sudden death in his studio in Chelsea, London, and it appears to have been one of the last acts of the great artist, whose interest in the Association of Painters and Sculptors atop the Grand Central Terminal had led him to be the first to contribute three successive paintings, greatly aiding to make the project possible in cooperation with his brother American artists. The letter was in his accustomed handwriting, clear and firm. As he had probably dismissed his servants earlier in the evening it is quite possible that he mailed the letter himself. The letter announced his third contribution to the galleries, "Shoeing Cavalry Horses at the Front," a famous war-time picture, which will go on exhibition in the coming Founders' show which will be held in June in the Grand Central Galleries. It is quite safe to say that no painting in the exhibition will attract more attention.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AMY LOWELL'S collection of rare books and manuscripts, especially noteworthy for her Keats first editions, letters and manuscripts and books relating to the poet, will go to Harvard University library, providing her conditions are complied with, otherwise they will go to the Boston Public Library.

* * *

A Tennyson memorial exhibition room is being planned for the new museum soon to be built in Lincoln, England. It is proposed to bring together first editions of the poet, association books, portraits, autograph letters, manuscripts and everything obtainable, magazine articles and books relating to him. An effort will be made to include all possible articles used by him and of association interest.

* * *

The Robert Louis Stevenson Club of Edinburgh, Scotland, is asking for contributions to its memorial fund for the purpose of completing the purchase of Stevenson's birthplace at Howard Place, Edinburgh, which will be opened by the club as a Stevenson memorial house in which his manuscripts and relics will be worthily kept and exhibited for all time. Contributions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Thomas Hutchinson, Bart., at the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland. The club now has 1,175 members and would be pleased to have all Stevenson admirers, wherever they may be, affiliated with them. The club will be glad to receive Stevensoniana from members or their friends.

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The Phoenix Nest

Sitting In, by Proxy

WE have always been execrable at cards. We realize the power they exert over many, but the desire to play has never been strong enough in us. In particular we have abjured poker, which is with baseball one of the two greatest American games. At last, however, we have fallen in a peculiar fashion for the lure of the pastime that causes strong men to sit up until six o'clock (and later) in the morning and desert their wives and families in the eternal-springing hope of a royal straight. We have been perusing Webster's Poker Book.

No volume on poker that we have ever seen so grabs one into that smoky midnight world of presumably impassive faces and weird jargon. Webster, a cartoonist in the great tradition of John T. McCutcheon, is a genius at conveying expressions, both in the faces of those he draws and, most aptly, in the cognate remarks that issue in conventional "balloons" from their mouths.

The publishers of Webster's Poker Book have dowered it with every additional inducement beside the cartoons. It is "completely equipped with Chips and I. O. U. blanks." George Ade pens it a preface. Marc Connelly furnishes it with interpolations. There is a section of authoritative rules and data, with hints from Hoyle, by R. F. Foster, and George F. Worts, founder of "The Straight Flush Club," writes most lively text for it. But despite all these sidelines, our admiration remains for the powerful draughtsmanship of H. T. Webster, the star performer. Webster has made himself the Thomas Nast of Poker. He has created Poker characters as humanly rich and impressive as are many of the literary characters of Dickens. He has made forever familiar to one the face of the man who received "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," the type who desired above all things to play stud, the attitude toward feminine participation in the great game, the various kinds of men that call upon their imaginations for the various kinds of excuses to their wives. He strikingly portrays the legendary atmosphere of poker, contrasts with a rare satiric touch the big winner trying to cheer the big loser, graphically outlines the progress of the game where everybody simply *had* to get home early. And through every aspect of the game that he treats—and he thoroughly covers the field—we are confronted with the human visage facilely expressive of every shadow of mood, with various wholly recognizable average types of men displaying every natural emotion to which human flesh is heir.

Such knowledge can only be gained after many sessions at the table, green baize or otherwise. We believe in our hearts that H. T. Webster must be an accomplished poker veteran, he interprets so surely, so keenly, every changing moment of the game. He is certainly playing on his home grounds. And he has "put poker over" to one non-pokerite at least.

Not that we have any real intention of beginning to sit in soon. We still dread that hungry procession so vividly depicted on his "I. O. U.'s," "Breadline forms on right." And we have pondered the wisdom of the man who was so extremely careful, by a deft interchange of cheques, and so on, as to get his winnings in cash. Not that—we are convinced—we would ever have any winnings. And that, in itself, is another reason for our remaining out of the game. You either win or you lose. And if we had any losings we know we should be headed for bankruptcy.

Poker is a game, it seems, especially adapted to the combination of shrewdness, innocence and fellowship in common failings that makes the average American temperament. It has the spice of adventure in it combined with a bluff babbittry. And, contrary to a certain myth, as Webster points out, it tends to make great minds merely monosyllabic instead of inspiring them to a constant flow of wit and story. Sundry shafts are aimed in the pages of the Poker Book at self-appointed *raconteurs.* They are not wholly popular.

Poker has a grimness about it, evidently, that appeals to "he-men" who want something to bite on. Baseball joy is from the bleachers, the joy of poker is from the very centre of activity, the poker enthusiast is a participator. Then, too, his actual personal fortunes hang upon the issue, as, in many cases, they do not on the part of the "baseball fan." And the particular kind of athleticism poker demands, the agility of the mind, the stoicism of the spirit, throw it open to all sorts and conditions of men. You do not need to have the build of an athlete to participate, but your spirit must be strong!

Thus one beyond the pale ventures to comment upon America's greatest indoor sport. But whether you can be won to poker or not as an absorbing avocation, anyone with the least recognition of deftness of line and mastery of human expression in contemporary draughtmanship must delight in Webster's poker cartoons. Years ago A. B. Frost almost made himself the delineator par excellence of American golf in its early stages. Webster has done no less in achieving laureateship, with the pencil, of Poker.

It is strange that a game that goes so far back into American history should not till this present year of grace have been fitly celebrated in black and white. But we can be thankful, at any rate, that now the job has been done to a turn. Our chapeau is, therefore, deeply doffed to Mr. Webster, and we expect our copy of his book promptly to disappear from our table just as soon as it is "lamped" by any one of the few poker fiends of our acquaintance!

W. R. B.

The Salad Bowl

So many people—is it only when they are young?—cannot gain a fresh appreciation without losing their old appreciations. —*Havelock Ellis, Impressions and Comments.*

1st Printing (Shakespeare and Company, Paris): February, 1922. (1,000 numbered copies.)

2nd Printing (Egoist Press, London): October, 1922. (2,000 numbered copies, of which 500 copies burned by New York Post Office authorities.)

3rd Printing (Egoist Press, London): January, 1923. (500 numbered copies, of which 499 seized by customs' authorities, Folkestone.)

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—*Publisher's notation in "Ulysses," by James Joyce.*

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